THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING HIS

IMITATIONS, MORAL ESSAYS,
SATIRES, etc.

LONDON,

Printed for A. Millar, J. and R. Tonson, C. Bathurst, H. Woodfall, R. Baldwin, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, T. Longman, B. Law, T. Field, R. Withy, and M. Richardson.

M DCC LXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

IMITATIONS of ENGLISH POETS.

I. *Of* CHAUCER p. 3
II. *Of* SPENCER, *The* ALLEY 4
III. *Of* WALLER, *On a lady ſinging to her lute* 6
On a FAN *of the author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the Motto,* AURA VENI ib.
IV. *Of* COWLEY, *The* GARDEN 7
WEEPING 8
V. *Of the E. of* ROCHESTER, *On* SILENCE 9
VI. *Of the E. of* DORSET, ARTEMISIA 11
PHRYNE 12
VII. *Of Dr.* SWIFT, *The happy life of a country parſon* 13

An ESSAY on SATIRE, occaſioned by the death of Mr. POPE; in Three Parts.

PART I. 19
PART II. 25
PART III. 31

ESSAY on MAN, in FOUR EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to the* univerſe 41
EPISTLE II. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to* himſelf, *as an individual* 54

CONTENTS.

EPISTLE III. *Of the nature and state of* man *with respect to* society 68
EPISTLE IV. *Of the nature and state of* man *with respect to* happiness 81
The UNIVERSAL PRAYER 101

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I. *Of the knowledge and characters of* MEN 111
EPISTLE II. *Of the characters of* WOMEN 125
EPISTLE III. *Of the use of* RICHES 139
EPISTLE IV. *Of the use of* RICHES 160
EPISTLE V. *To Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on* MEDALS 173

PROLOGUE *to the* SATIRES, *in an Epistle to Dr.* ARBUTHNOT 179

SATIRES *and* EPISTLES *of* HORACE *imitated.*

The Second Book of the Satires of Horace, Sat. I. 204
The Second Book of the Satires of Horace, Sat. II. 220
The First Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. I. 234
The First Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. VI. 248
The Second Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. I. 258
The Second Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. II. 288

SATIRES *of Dr.* JOHN DONNE, *Dean of St. Paul's, versified.*

SATIRE II. 310
SATIRE IV. 319

EPILOGUE *to the* SATIRES.
DIALOGUE I. 337
DIALOGUE II. 347

On receiving from the Right Honourable the Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY, *a standish and two pens* 359

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſilly Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with ſpeeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quaake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke ſame thing Maids longen a'ter?
" Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

II.

SPENSER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat, ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry,
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eſt between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur, (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,

And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billinſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratch'd, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building-town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch.
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and Windſor's tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY ſinging to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly muſick ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he:
A Poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my muſe the flow'ry Treaſure ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhow'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flouret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream,
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus thro' Miſts we ſee the Sun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud ſoft ſhow'rs we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that ſunny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft' in vain;
Loſt in the maze of Words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'ſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhould be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'ſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate,
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging ſhe'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plaiſt, Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a Bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a Country Parson.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
Gazettes ſent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when Prince:
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.

He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays——if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor S——t.

AN

ESSAY

ON

SATIRE,

Occaſioned by the Death of

Mr. POPE.

Inſcribed to

Mr. WARBURTON,

By J. BROWN, A.M.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 70
MAY

CONTENTS.

PART I.

OF the End and Efficacy of Satire. *The Love of Glory and Fear of Shame univerſal,* ver. 29. *This Paſſion, implanted in Man as a Spur to Virtue, is generally perverted,* ver. 41. *And thus becomes the Occaſion of the greateſt Follies, Vices, and Miſeries,* ver. 61. *It is the Work of* Satire *to rectify this Paſſion, to reduce it to its proper Channel, and to convert it into an Incentive to Wiſdom and Virtue,* ver. 89. *Hence it appears that* Satire *may influence thoſe who defy all Laws Human and Divine,* ver. 99. *An Objection anſwered,* ver. 131.

PART II.

Rules for the Conduct of Satire. *Juſtice and Truth its chief and eſſential Property,* ver. 169. *Prudence in the Application of Wit and Ridicule, whoſe Province is, not to* explore *unknown, but to* enforce *known Truths,* ver. 191. *Proper Subjects of* Satire *are the Manners of preſent Times,* ver. 239. *Decency of Expreſſion recommended,* ver. 255. *The different Methods in which Folly and Vice ought to be chaſtiſed,* ver. 269. *The Variety of Style and Manner which theſe two Subjects require,* ver. 277. *The Praiſe of Virtue may be admitted with Propriety,* ver. 315. *Caution with regard to Panegyric,* ver. 329. *The Dignity of* true Satire, ver. 341.

PART III.

The Hiſtory of Satire. Roman *Satiriſts*, Lucilius, Horace, Perſius, Juvenal, ver. 357, *etc.* *Cauſes of the Decay of Literature, particularly of* Satire, ver. 389. *Revival of* Satire, ver. 401. Eraſmus *one of its principal Reſtorers*, ver. 405. Donne, ver. 411. *The Abuſe of* Satire *in* England, *during the licentious Reign of* Charles II. ver. 415. Dryden, ver. 429. *The true Ends of* Satire *purſued by* Boileau *in* France, ver. 439. *and by Mr.* Pope *in* England, ver. 445.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN's Heart:
You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious BRITAIN!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
And Snake-hung ENVY hiſſes o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the Laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.

But YOU, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taſte the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
You viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new luſtre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

In ev'ry Breaſt there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
The Paſſion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The liſping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt woo,
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, Pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And ſways alike the Sceptre and the Spade.

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the Manna ſent him from the Skies:
With raptures hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Subſtance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the viſionary Prize,
In queſt of Glory plunges deep in Vice;
'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praiſe he pants to gain.

Thus ſtill imperious NATURE plies her part;
And ſtill her Dictates work in ev'ry heart,
Each Pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy.
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The Paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe Virtues which they fed before.

And ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of Evils, is *perverted Shame.*
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The Dæmon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles, while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God.

Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe Fame the captiv'd Heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaſte *Lucretia*'s Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, etc.*]

Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans ſon Ame il croit?
Il iroit embraſſer la Verité, qu'il voit;
Mais de ſes faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
Et ne brave ainſi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the *clouded cane:*
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From pois'nous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles;
And Force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n Fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From pois'nous Vice, etc.*] Alluding to theſe Lines of Mr. Pope;

In the nice Bee what Art ſo ſubtly true,
From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?

The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain,
But SATIRE's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a *ruling Paſſion* on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſperer from his dark abode,
'Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand; than SATIRE's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as That to bleſs was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are paid, who merit Satire moſt:
Folly the *Laureat*'s, Vice was *Chartres*' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs;
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.

But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend,
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
To fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurſt, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Raviſher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil:
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind *Ridicule* conceives a jeſt:

Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo *Shaftſb'ry* rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a Fool, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly Academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cob-web chain,
You, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſhood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.

Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
When Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.

Tho' diſtant Times may riſe in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *preſent Age:*
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid *Britain*'s Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
Or falſify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.

Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip —, her Grace a —:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in *Irony*'s tranſparent veil:

Her beauties half-conceal'd the more ſurprize,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaſte.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly!
Deride not Vice: Abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what meaſures to each Theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the skies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
That mounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle*;
Patriots and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive King — of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each Affectation into ſenſe.

Not ſo when Virtue by her Guards betray'd
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid;
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;

Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſhoods to invade the Skies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when *Virtue, Learning, Arts* decline,
She joys to ſee *unconquer'd* merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's Day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
See YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue, but his own;
Hears unſtain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Beholds, where WIDCOME's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:

To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r to form a Wreath for YOU.

But tread with cautious ſtep this dangerous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native luſtre* that muſt *ſhine*;
The Poet can but *ſet it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *ſordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.

Nor think the Muſe by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the Landskip may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Paſſion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the art, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolſey* or a *Cromwell* riſe;
Now with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry Colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THRO' Ages thus has SATIRE keenly ſhin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of *Greece* ſhe prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart[a].
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming falchion rough LUCILIUS[b] drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then ſportive HORACE[c] caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

[a] Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. Hor.
[b] Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacita ſudant præcordia culpa. Juv. S. i.
[c] Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit,
Calliduſ excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo. Perſ. S. i.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL'S exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swoln *Luxury!*— pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind;
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done — See great ERASMUS breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was proſe:
He midſt an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and *Roman* ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere *Britain* ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine:
Wit's ſhatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "*the oddeſt thing.*"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low-creeping in the putrid ſink of vice:
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd Parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius riſe, a Monument of ſhame!

More happy *France*: immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:

Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.

But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
Behold for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one*:
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As Spectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each Image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, drag'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Stars effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unleſs the God inſpire?
What catch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers — but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her Bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:

Sublimer views *thy* darling Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart:
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wintry Paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That Friendſhip ſure may plead the *great* excuſe:
That ſacred Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathleſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?

Or if, O WARBURTON, inſpir'd by YOU,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinions ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's glory* fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

TO

H. St. John, L. Bolingbroke.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to Mens Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State*; ſince, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but it is true; I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

AN

ESSAY on MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abſtract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our own* ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things,* ver. 17, etc. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown,* ver. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends,* ver. 77, etc. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and*

judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations, ver. 109, etc. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable*, ver. 173, etc. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties*, ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed*, ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire*, ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, ver. 281, etc. *to the end.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

HOPE humbly then, with trembling Pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.

Essay on Man Ep

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe:
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?

The exordium of this poem relates to the whole work, of which the *Eſſay on Man* was only the firſt book. The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines alude to the ſubjects of this *Eſſay*, *viz.* the general Order and Deſign of Providence; the Conſtitution of the human Mind; the origin, uſe, and end of the Paſſions and Affections, both ſelfiſh and ſocial; and the wrong purſuits of Power, Pleaſure, and Happineſs. The 10th, 11th, 12th, *etc.* have relation to the ſubjects of the books intended to follow, *viz.* the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Science, which once tranſgreſſed, ignorance begins, and error follows. The 13th and 14th, to the Knowlege of Mankind, and the various Manners of the age.

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade;
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

VER. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd, etc.*] Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per Proprietates ſuas et Attributa, et per ſapientiſſimas et optimas rerum ſtructuras et cauſas finales. *Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.*

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions, ver. 64.
Now wears a garland an Ægyptian God.

After ver. 68. the following lines in the firſt Edition.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo
As who began ten thouſand years ago.

From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below;
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt-hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

In the firſt Folio and Quarto,

What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:

Variations.

After ver. 108. in the firſt Edition;

But does he ſay the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Ver. 131. *Aſk for what end, etc.*] If there be any fault in theſe lines, it is not in the general ſentiment, but a want of exactneſs in expreſſing it.—It is the higheſt abſurdity to think that *Earth is* man's *foot-ſtool*, his *canopy the Skies*, and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his uſe; yet not ſo, to ſuppoſe fruits and minerals given for this end.

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
" My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect?" — Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?

Ver. 150. *Then Nature deviates, etc.*] " While comets move i
" very eccentric orbs, in all manner of poſitions, blind Fate co
" never make all the planets move one and the ſame way in or
" concentric; ſome inconſiderable irregularities excepted, whic
" may have riſen from the mutual actions of comets and plan
" upon one another, and which will be apt to increaſe, 'till th
" ſyſtem wants a reformation." *Sir Iſaac Newton's Optics, Que*
ult.

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But all ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

VER. 169. *But all ſubſiſts, etc.*] See this ſubject extended in ii. from ver. 90, to 112, 155, *etc.*

VER. 174. *And little leſs than Angel, etc.*] *Thou haſt made him little lower than the Angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and honour.* Pſalm viii. 9.

VER. 182. *Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, etc.*] It is a certain truth in the anatomy of creatures, that, in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated.

The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatick pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:

VER. 202. *Stunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,*] This inſtance is poetical and even ſublime, but miſplaced. He is arguing philoſophically in a caſe that required him to employ the *real* objects of ſenſe only: and, what is worſe, he ſpeaks of this as a *real* object.—*If* NATURE *thunder'd, etc.* The caſe is different where (in ver. 253.) he ſpeaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies under the ſublime Imagery of *ruling Angels:* For whether there be *ruling Angels* or no, there is real *motion*, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be no *muſic of the ſpheres*, there was no real ſound, which his argument was obliged to find.

VER. 213. *The headlong lioneſs*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the Deſerts of Africa is this: At their firſt going

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine?
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide?
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. — On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;

not in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable that the ſtory of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by obſervation of this effect of ſcent in that terrible animal.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1ſt.

Ethereal eſſence, ſpirit, ſubſtance, man,

Or in the full Creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing MIND of all ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels, etc.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uſes an advantage, which his employing a *Platonic* principle for the foundation of his Eſſay had afforded him; and that is the expreſſing himſelf (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpoſe, are highly poetical, at the ſame time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reaſoning.

VER. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, etc.*] See the proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

VER. 266. *The great directing Mind, etc.*] "Veneramur autem "et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim ſine dominio, providentia "et cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam FATUM et NATURA." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. ſub finem.*

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit. — In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God, when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Himſelf, *as an Individual.*

I. *THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* Middle Nature: *his Powers and Frailties*, ver. 1 to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, ver. 19, etc. II. *The two Principles of Man,* Self-love *and* Reaſon, *both neceſſary*, ver. 53, etc. Self-love *the ſtronger, and why*, ver. 67, etc. *Their end the ſame*, ver. 81, etc. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe*, ver. 93 to 130. *The* Predominant Paſſion, *and its force*, ver. 132 to 160. *Its Neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes*, ver. 165, etc. *Its providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue*, ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reaſon, ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it*, ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections*, ver. 238, etc. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* Orders of Men, ver. 241. *How uſeful they are to* Society, ver. 251. *And to* Individuals, ver. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, ver. 273, etc.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 70
MAY

Self Love still stronger, as its Objects nigh,
Reasons at distance, and in Prospect lie:
That sees immediate Good, by present Sense
Reason the future, and the Consequence.

Essay on Man. Ep

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;

VER. 2. *The proper ſtudy, etc.*] The poet having ſhewn, in the *firſt* epiſtle, that the *ways of God* are too high for our comprehenſion, rightly draws this concluſion: and methodically makes it the ſubject of his Introduction to the *ſecond*, which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. Ed. 1ſt.

The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.

After ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
To be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor ſee.

Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an Ape.

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his Mind?

Ver. 22. *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Iſaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on thoſe two ſublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the poſition of the colures of the equinoxes and ſolſtices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

Variations.

Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
'Till ſet on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reaſoning Thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, etc.

Ver. 21. Edit. 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.

Ver. 35. Ed. firſt.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to riſe or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end;
Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dreſs,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;

VER. 37. *Who ſaw its fires here riſe, etc.*] Sir Iſaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the courſe it deſcribes, when it becomes viſible in its deſcent to, and aſcent from the Sun, conjectured, with the higheſt appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipſes vaſtly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in obſerving between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

VER. 45. —*Vanity or Dreſs,*] Theſe are the firſt parts of what the Poet, in the preceding line, calls the ſcholar's *equipage of Pride*. By *vanity*, is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expreſſion in which a writer indulges himſelf, to ſhew the fruitfulneſs of his fancy or invention. By *dreſs*, is to be underſtood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamental expreſſion, to give force to what the writer would convey: but even this, the poet, in a ſevere ſearch after truth, condemns! and with great judgment. Conciſeneſs of thought and ſimplicity of expreſſion, being as well the beſt *inſtruments*, as the beſt *vehicles* of Truth.

VER. 46. *Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;*] The *Luxury of Learning* conſiſts in dreſſing up and diſguiſing old notions in a new way, ſo as to make them more faſhionable and palatable; inſtead of examining and ſcrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and ſhew, it is called *luxury*; as it is often done too to ſave pains and labour, it is called *idleneſs*.

VER. 47. *Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonſtrations concerning the *ſmall quantity of matter*, the *endleſs diviſibility* of it, *etc.*

VER. 48. *Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;*] That is, when *Admiration* ſets the mind on the rack.

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper Ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng.
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The Action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.

Ver. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts—Of all our Vices have created Arts;*] *i. e.* Thoſe parts of natural Philoſophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, *etc.* that adminiſter to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, *etc.*

Ver. 74. *Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.*] *i. e.* By *experience* Reaſon collects the *future*; and by *argumentation*, the *conſequence.*

Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide:
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzled Schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
  Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
  Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes, diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or inv'te;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;

VER. 133. *As Man, perhaps, etc*] "Antipater Sidonius Poeta "omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo "conſumptus eſt ſatis longa ſenecta." Plin. lib. vii. *Nat. Hiſt.* This *Antipater* was in the times of Craſſus, and is celebrated for the quickneſs of his parts by Cicero.

'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Paſſion, Virtue points her Charms!
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,

VER. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phraſe for Conſcience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conſcience either ſignifies, ſpeculatively, the judgment we paſs of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or elſe it ſignifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conſcience, *the God* (or the law of God) *within the mind,* of power to divide the light from the darkneſs in this chaos of the paſſions.

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk, and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marqueſs, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to reaſon, like a debt at play.
For wright or wrong, have mortals ſuffered more?
B— for his Prince, or ** for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials nature moſt controul?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence, or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220. in the firſt Edition followed theſe,

A Cheat! a Whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns ſmall Villains hang'd by great.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks to int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;

The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:

Ver. 270. —*the poet in his Muſe.*] The author having ſaid, That no one would change his profeſſion or views for thoſe of another, intended to carry his obſervation ſtill further, and ſhew that Men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for thoſe of the ſame kind, confeſſedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another. To this end he wrote,

What partly pleaſes, totally will ſhock:
I queſtion much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*.

but wanting another proper inſtance of this truth when he publiſhed his laſt Edition of the Eſſay, he reſerved the lines above for ſome following one.

Ver. 286. *And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:*] An eminent Caſuiſt, *Father Francis Garaſſe*, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable concluſion from this principle. "Selon la Juſtice "(ſays this equitable Divine) tout travail honnête doit être recom-"penſé de loüange ou de ſatisfaction. Quand les bons eſprits font "un ouvrage excellent, ils ſont juſtement recompenſez par les "ſuffrages du Public. Quand un pauvre eſprit travaille beaucoup, "pour fair un mauvais ouvrage, il n'eſt pas juſte ni raiſonable, "qu'il attende des loüanges publiques: car elles ne lui ſont pas "duës. Mais afin que ſes travaux ne demeurent pas ſans recom-"penſe, *Dieu* lui donne une ſatisfaction perſonelle, que perſonne "ne lui peut envier ſans une injuſtice plus que barbare; tout ainſi

Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

" que Dieu, qui eſt juſte, donne de la ſatisfaction aux Grenouïlles
" de leur chant. Autrement la blâme public, joint à leur mécon-
" tentement, ſeroit ſuffiſant pour les réduire au deſeſpoir."

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Society.

I. *THE whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society,* ver. 7, etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, ver. 27. *The happineſs of* Animals *mutual,* ver. 49. II. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual,* ver. 79. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alſo to Society in all animals,* ver. 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by Inſtinct,* ver. 115. *How much farther by Reaſon,* ver. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State of Nature, ver. 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the invention of* Arts, ver. 166, *and in the Forms of* Society, ver. 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies,* ver. 196. *Origin of Monarchy,* ver. 207. *Patriarchal Government,* ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the ſame principle, of Love,* 231, etc. *Origin of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ſame principle, of Fear,* ver. 237, etc. *The Influence of Self-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *Good,* ver. 266. *Reſtoration of true Religion and Government on their firſt principle,* ver. 285. *Mixt Government,* ver. 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all,* ver. 300, etc.

15
70

Plate X. *Vol. II. facing p. 69.*

See some fit Passion every Age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Essay on Man Ep. III.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt; "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

WE are now come to the third epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man. It having been ſhewn, in explaining the origin, uſe, and end of the Paſſions, in the ſecond epiſtle, that Man hath ſocial as well as ſelfiſh paſſions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal; and connects it with the ſecond, which conſidered him as an INDIVIDUAL.

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, etc.*] To make Matter ſo cohere as to fit it for the uſes intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its inſenſible parts, is as neceſſary as that quality ſo equally and univerſally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To expreſs the firſt part of this thought, our Author ſays *form'd*; and to expreſs the latter, *impell'd*.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. In ſeveral Edit. in 4to.

Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe, etc.

Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

Ver. 22. *One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Iſaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipræſens eſt, non per "virtutem ſolam, ſed etiam per ſubſtantiam: nam virtus ſine ſub- "ſtantia ſubſiſtere non poteſt." *Newt. Princ. ſchol. gen. ſub finem.*

Ver. 23. *Greateſt with the leaſt*;] as acting more ſtrongly and immediately in beaſts, whoſe inſtinct is plainly an external reaſon; which made an old ſchool-man ſay, with great elegance, "Deus "eſt anima brutorum:"

In this 'tis God directs——

While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!

Ver. 45. *See all things for my uſe!*] On the contrary, the wiſe man hath ſaid, *The Lord hath made all things for himſelf*, Prov. xvi. 4.

Ver. 63. *Than favour'd Man, etc.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

Variations.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions.

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays:
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

Preſcient, the ties or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;

And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
" Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:

" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, etc.*] It is a caution commonly practiſed among Navigators, when thrown upon a deſert coaſt, and in want of refreſhments, to obſerve what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on theſe without further heſitation.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beaſts, etc.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* l. viii. c. 27. where ſeveral inſtances are given of Animals diſcovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own uſe of them; and pointing out to ſome operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halicut. l. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: " They ſwim on the " ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, which exactly re- " ſembles the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two feet like maſts, and " extend a membrane between, which ſerve as a ſail; the other " two feet they employ as oars at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen " in the Mediterranean."

" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] *i. e.* When Men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil pactions; the love which each maſter of a family had for thoſe under his care being their beſt ſecurity.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt Editions.

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as Gods adore.

VER. 201. *Here roſe one little ſtate, etc.*] In the MS. thus,

The Neighbours leagu'd to guard the common ſpot:
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being, but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, Law;
'Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,

VER. 231. *Ere Wit oblique, etc.*] A beautiful alluſion to the effects of the priſmatic glaſs on the rays of light.

Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' juſt, and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:

Ver. 283. *'Twas then, etc.*] The poet ſeemeth here to mean the polite and flouriſhing age of Greece: and thoſe benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Ariſtotle; who, of all the pagan world, ſpoke beſt of God, and wrote beſt of Government.

Ver. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools conteſt*;] The author of theſe lines was far from meaning that no one form of Government is, in itſelf, better than another (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to abſolute) but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itſelf, can be ſufficient to make a people happy, unleſs it be adminiſtered with integrity. On the contrary, the beſt ſort of Government, when the *form* of it is preſerved, and the *adminiſtration* corrupt, is moſt dangerous.

In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

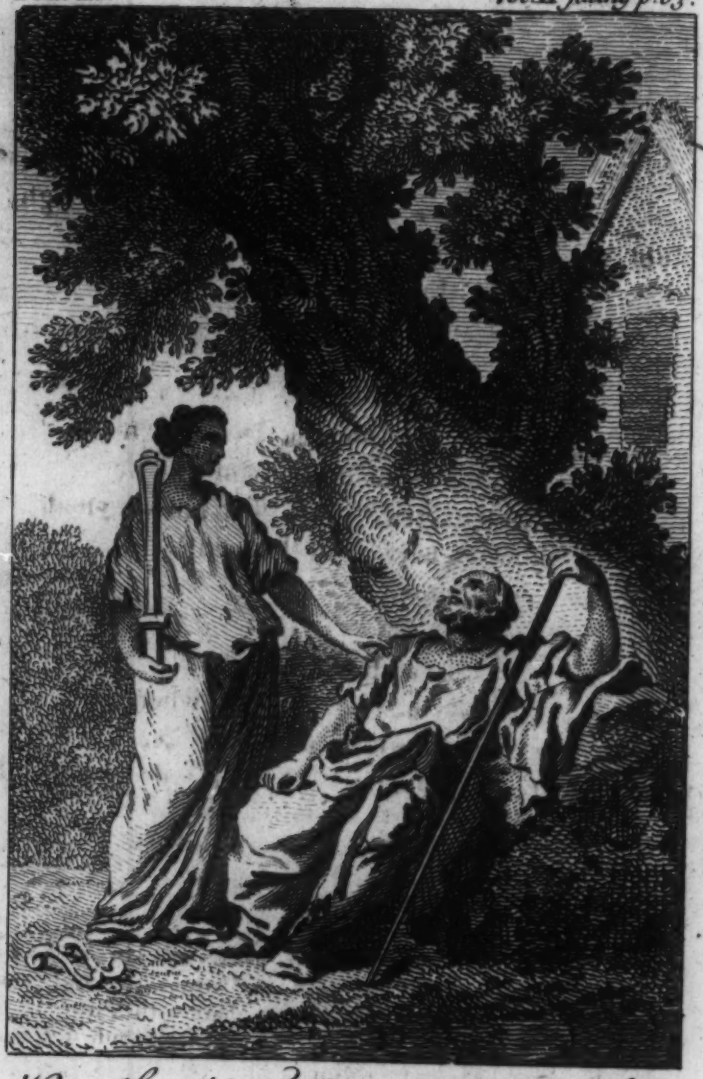
ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Happineſs.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from* ver. 19 to 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,* ver. 30. *God intends Happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* ver. 51. *But notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of* Hope *and* Fear, ver. 70. III. *What the Happineſs of* Individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* ver. 133, etc. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of Virtue,* ver. 167. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in* Riches, ver. 185. Ho-

nours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatneſs, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 259, etc. *With pictures of human infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all*, ver. 269, etc. VII. *That* Virtue only *conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ver. 309, etc. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Reſignation *to it here and hereafter*, ver. 326, etc.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 70
MAY



I Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happyness below.

Essay on Man, Ep. IV.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

THE two foregoing epiſtles having conſidered Man with regard to the *Means* (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of Society) this laſt comes to conſider him with regard to the *End*, that is, HAPPINESS.

VER. 6. *O'er-look'd, ſeen double,*] *O'er-look'd* by thoſe who place Happineſs in any thing excluſive of Virtue; *ſeen double* by thoſe who admit any thing elſe to have a ſhare with Virtue in procuring Happineſs; theſe being the two general miſtakes that this epiſtle is employed in confuting.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *O Happineſs! etc.*] in the MS. thus,

Oh Happineſs, to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe Call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to Beaſts, find Pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.

Ver. 21. *Some place the bliſs in action,—Some ſunk to Beaſts, etc.*] 1. Thoſe who place Happineſs, or the *ſummum bonum*, in Pleaſure, Ἡδονὴ, ſuch as the Cyrenaic ſect, called on that account the Hedonic. 2. Thoſe who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmneſs of mind, which they call Εὐθυμία, ſuch as the Democritic ſect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, *the meaſure of all things*; for that all things which appear to him *are*, and thoſe things which appear not to any Man *are not*; ſo that every imagination or opinion of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whoſe abſolute Doubt is with great judgment ſaid to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the abſolute Truſt of the Protagorean: For the ſame dread of labour attending the ſearch of truth, which makes the Protagorean preſume it to be always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the lazineſs of the one is deſponding, and the lazineſs of the other ſanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it Happineſs.

Ver. 23. *Some ſunk to Beaſts, etc.*] Theſe four lines added in the laſt Edition, as neceſſary to complete the ſummary of the falſe purſuits after happineſs amongſt the Greek philoſophers.

There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heav'n has made that one.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

VARIATIONS.

All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward:
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,

VER. 100. *See* god-like *Turenne*] This epithet has a peculiar juſtneſs; the great man to whom it is applied not being diſtinguiſhed, from other generals, for any of his ſuperior qualities ſo much as for his providential care of thoſe whom he led to war; which was ſo uncommon, that his chief purpoſe in taking on himſelf the command of armies, ſeems to have been the Preſervation of Mankind. In this *god-like* care he was more diſtinguiſhably employed throughout the whole courſe of that famous campaign in which he loſt his life.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, etc.*] This laſt inſtance of the poet's illuſtration of the ways of Providence, the reader ſees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made ſubſervient to his vindication of, the Great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a perſon of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finiſhed, *viz.* 1733.

Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.

Ver. 123. *Shall burning Ætna, etc.*] Alluding to the fate of thoſe two great Naturaliſts, Empedocles and Pliny, who both periſh'd by too near an approach to Ætna and Veſuvius, while they were exploring the cauſe of their eruptions.

Variations.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man,

What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. — This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar — but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No — ſhall the good want Health, the good want
"Pow'r?"
Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no
"king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in ſome Editions,

Give each a Syſtem, all muſt be at ſtriſe;
What diff'rent Syſtems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore ſtruck out of the text.

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conq'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Ver. 177. *Go, like the Indian, etc.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epiſt. i. ver. 99. and ſhewing, that that example was not given to diſcredit any rational hopes of future happineſs, but only to reprove the folly of ſeparating them from charity: as when

—Zeal, not Charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.

Variations.

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,

Ver. 193. *Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe; Act well your part, there all the honour lies.*] What power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all; for as her favours can confer neither worth nor wiſdom; ſo neither can her diſpleaſure cure him of any of his follies. On his Garb indeed ſhe hath ſome little influence; but his Heart ſtill remains the ſame.

Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

But this *difference* extends no further than to the habit; the pride of heart is the ſame both in the *flaunter* and *flutterer*, as it is the poet's intention to inſinuate by the uſe of thoſe terms.

Variations.

Ver. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, etc.*] in the MS. thus,

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride
As Chriſt-Church once all colleges beſide.

Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies.
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.

Ver. 281, 283. *If parts allure thee,—Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment; the world, perhaps, doth not afford two other ſuch. Bacon diſcovered and laid down thoſe principles, by whoſe aſſiſtance, Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightneſs of his conceptions, and the force of his expreſſion: yet being legally convicted for bribery and corruption in the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to practiſe with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters.

Cromwell ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times, in which others ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtifled, by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was at its height, by a ſucceſsful ſtruggle againſt court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducted and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes for government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe.

Ver. 283. *Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] And even this fantaſtic glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe.—*Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to I-colombkill*, deſcribing the church there, tells us, that "In one corner is a peculiar incloſure, in "which were the monuments of the kings of many different na-"tions, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Iſle of Man*. This "(ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me the place, pointing to a plain "ſtone) was the monument of the Great Teague, king of "Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect "of how little value is *Greatneſs*, that has barely left a *name* "ſcandalous to a nation, and a grave which the meaneſt of man-"kind would never envy."

Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

Theſe lines are extremely finiſhed. In which there is ſuch a ſoothing ſweetneſs in the melancholy harmony of the verſification, as if the poet was then in that tender office in which he was moſt officious, and in which all his Soul came out, the condoling with ſome good man in affliction.

Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each plac'd acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain,
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, etc.*] PLATO, in his firſt book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe. "He whoſe conſcience does not reproach "him, has chearful *Hope* for his companion, and the ſupport and "comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great poet, "O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, That he who leads a juſt and "holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which "fills his heart with joy, and is the ſupport and comfort of his "old age. *Hope*, the moſt powerful of the Divinities, in govern-"ing the ever-changing and inconſtant temper of mortal men." Τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἑαυτῷ ἀδικον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς αἰεὶ παρεστι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροτρόφος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σώκρατες,

'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;

τῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀτάλλουσα γηροβόσκος ζυναορεῖ ἐλπὶς, ἃ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολύστροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the ſame manner Euripides ſpeaks in his *Hercules furens*,

οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
Πέποιθεν αἰεί. τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ. ver. 105.

"He is the good man in whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings eternally*: But "to be *without Hope in the world* is the portion of the wicked."

Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

Variations.

Ver. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] In the MS. thus.

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury, and aſſiſt her flight?

Notes.

Ver. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] This noble Apoſtrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Eſſay in an addreſs to his friend, will furniſh a Critic with examples of every one of thoſe *five* Species of Elocution, from which, as from its Sources, Longinus deduceth the Sublime.

1. The firſt and chief is a *Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception*[a].

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along,
Oh Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, and now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

2. The *Second*, that *Pathetic Enthuſiaſm*, which, at the ſame Time, melts and inflames:

Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

a — πέντε πηγαί τινές εἰσιν τ' ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀορεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γεννάια φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλείουσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις.

Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordonnance of Figures:

Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?

4. A ſplendid Diction:

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe miror held up Nature's light;

5. And *fifthly*, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, a Weight and Dignity in the Compoſition:

Shew'd erring Pride, whatever *is*, is RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer *one great* AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

That Reason, Passion, anſwer one great aim;
That true Self-love and Social are the ſame;
That Virtue only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is, ourselves to know.

Variations.

Ver. 397. *That Virtue only, etc.*] in the MS. thus,

That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

THE

UNIVERSAL

PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

Univerſal Prayer.] It may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſages, in the preceding *Eſſay*, having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturaliſm*, the author compoſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhew that his ſyſtem was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety: That the firſt cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of the Univerſe as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the *Eſſay*) was not meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along by a blind determination; but the reſting in a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full of *Hope* and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet choſe for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which, of all others, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to his Paraphraſe.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAYS

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

Several Perſons.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò. HOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been compriſed in Four Books:

The *Firſt* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four Epiſtles.

The *Second* was to have conſiſted of the ſame number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reaſon. 2. Of thoſe Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, which are uſeful, and therefore attainable, together with thoſe which are unuſeful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Uſe, and Application of the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Uſe of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit; concluding with a Satire againſt a Miſapplication of them, illuſtrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The *Third* Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science of Politics, in which the ſeveral forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the ſeveral Modes of Religious Worſhip, as far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always ſuppoſed there was the moſt intereſting relation and cloſeſt connection; ſo that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and laſt Book concerned private Ethics, or practical Morality, conſidered in all the Circumſtances, Orders, Profeſſions, and Stations of human Life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digeſted, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper Years: but was, partly through ill health, partly through diſcouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other conſiderations, interrupted, poſtponed, and, laſtly, in a manner laid aſide.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his ſtrong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *diſjecta membra Poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiſs to be a little more particular concerning each of theſe projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abſtract, and conſiders him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furniſhes out the ſubjects, of the *three* following; ſo that

The SECOND Book was to take up again the *Firſt* and *Second* Epiſtles of the *Firſt* Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a ſmall part of the concluſion (which, as we ſaid, was to have contained a Satire againſt the miſapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the *Fourth* Book of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occaſionally, in the other *three*.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to reaſſume the ſubject of the *Third* Epiſtle of the *Firſt*, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be beſt executed in an EPIC POEM; as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable leſs invidious; in which all the great Principles of true and falſe Governments and Religions ſhould be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The FOURTH and laſt Book was to purſue the ſubject of the *Fourth* Epiſtle of the *Firſt*, and treats of *Ethics*, or practical Morality; and would have conſiſted of many members; of which the four following Epiſtles were detached Portions: the *two firſt*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding Book.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

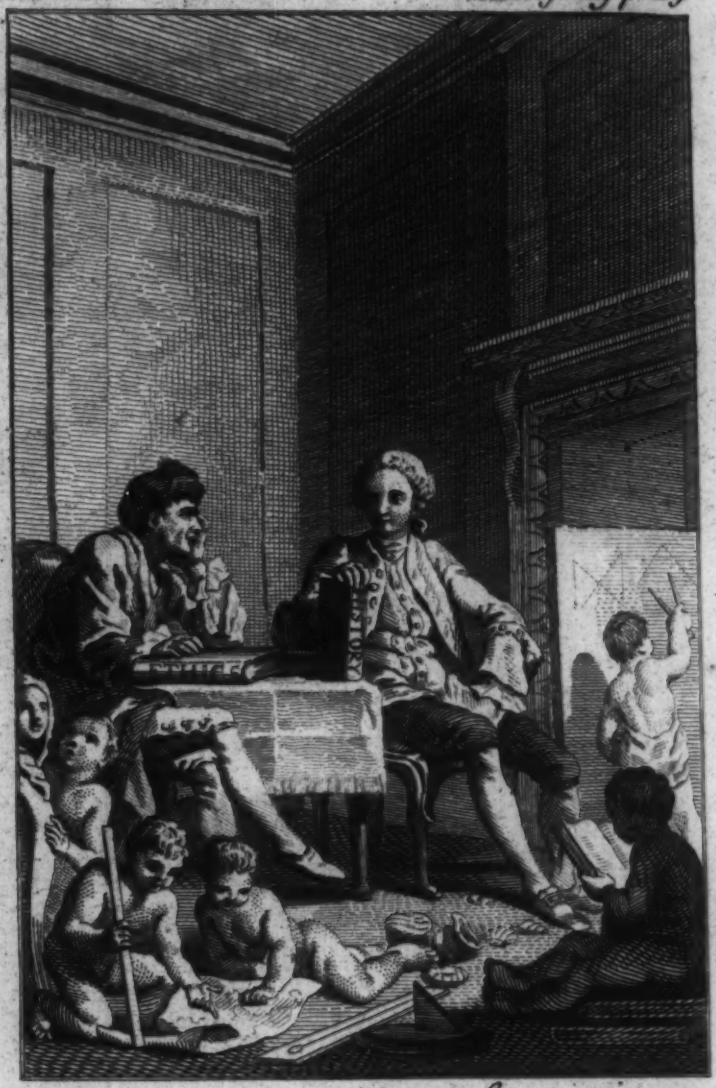
ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* Men.

THAT it is not ſufficient for this knowledge to conſider Man in the Abſtract : Books *will not ſerve the purpoſe, nor yet our own* Experience *ſingly*, ver. 1. *General maxims, unleſs they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, ver. 10. *Some Peculiarity in every man, characteriſtic to himſelf, yet varying from himſelf*, ver. 15. *Difficulties ariſing from our own Paſſions, Fancies, Faculties*, etc. ver. 31. *The ſhortneſs of Life to obſerve in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of action *in men to obſerve by*, ver. 37, etc. *Our own Principle of action often hid from ourſelves*, ver. 41. *Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, diſſembled, or inconſiſtent*, ver. 51. *The ſame man utterly different in different places and ſeaſons*, ver. 71. *Unimaginable weakneſſes in the greateſt*, ver. 70, etc. *Nothing conſtant and certain but* God *and* Nature, ver. 95. *No judging of the* Motives *from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the ſame Motives influencing contrary actions*, ver. 100. II. *Yet to form* Characters, *we can only take the* ſtrongeſt actions *of a man's life,*

and try to make them agree: *The utter uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itſelf, and from* Policy, ver. 120. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world,* ver. 135. *And ſome reaſon for it,* ver. 140. Education *alters the* Nature, *or at leaſt* Character, *of many,* ver. 149. Actions, Paſſions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles, *all ſubject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* ver. 158 *to* ver. 178. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his* RULING PASSION: *That will certainly influence all the reſt, and can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his actions,* ver. 175. *Inſtanced in the extraordinary character of* Clodio, ver. 179. *A caution againſt miſtaking* ſecond qualities *for* firſt, *which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the knowledge of mankind,* ver. 210. *Examples of the ſtrength of the* Ruling Paſſion, *and its continuation to the laſt breath,* ver. 222, etc.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY



The proper Study of Mankind is MAN.

Essay on Man.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, theſe from Gueſs.
There's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs;
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.

VER. 26. *It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:*] *i. e.* The Philoſopher may invent a *rational hypotheſis* that ſhall account for the appearances he would inveſtigate; and yet that *hypotheſis* be all the while very wide of *truth* and the *nature of things*.

Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Nor will Life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft in the Paſſions' wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;
(So darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:

Ver. 33. *All Manners take a* tincture *from our own;—Or come* diſcolour'd *thro' our Paſſions ſhown.*] Theſe two lines are remarkable for the exactneſs and propriety of expreſſion. The word *tincture*, which implies a weak colour given by degrees, well deſcribes the influence of the *Manners*; and the word *diſcolour*, which implies a quicker change by a deeper dye, denotes as well the operation of the *Paſſions*.

When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
  But theſe plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The Dull, flat Falſhood ſerves, for policy:
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a lye:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
The Fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
  See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Buſ'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.
  Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

VER. 81. *Patricio*] Lord *G——n.*

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former Editions.

  Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
  Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
  As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
  Now ſave a people, and now ſave a groat.

What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.

Ver. 89. *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he ſwore by, he feared to break his oath.

Ver. 90. *A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. ſuperſtitious in judicial aſtrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

Ver. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, reſumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who reſigned the crown, and trying to reaſſume it, was impriſoned 'till his death.

Ver. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,—And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the abovementioned King of Sardinia.

Ver. 95. *Know, God and Nature, etc.*] By *Nature* is not here meant any imaginary ſubſtitute of God, called a *Plaſtic nature*; but his *moral laws*: And this obſervation was inſerted with great propriety and diſcretion, in the concluſion of a long detail of the various characters of men: For, from this circumſtance, *Montagne* and others have been bold enough to inſinuate, that morality is founded more in cuſtom and faſhion than in the nature of things. The ſpeaking therefore of a moral law of God as having all the conſtancy and durability of his Eſſence, had an high expediency in this place.

Behold! if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting, lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.

VER. 107. *The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd—Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*] The attrabilaire complexion of Philip II. is well known, but not ſo well that he derived it from his father Charles V. whoſe health, the hiſtorians of his life tell us, was frequently diſordered by bilious fevers. But what the author meant principally to obſerve here was, that this humour made both theſe princes act contrary to their Character; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a Convent; Philip, who was a Man of the Cloſet, when he gave the battle of St. Quintin.

VER. 117. *Who reaſons wiſely, etc.*] By *reaſoning* is not here meant *ſpeculating*; but deliberating and reſolving in public counſels; for this inſtance is given as *one*, of a variety of *actions*.

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.
Why riſk the World's great empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate:

Ver. 130. *Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.*] Cæſar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world: But had his friends aſked him, in his ear, the reaſon of his ſudden retreat from Britain, after ſo many pretended victories, we have cauſe to ſuſpect, even from his own public relation of the matter, that he would have *whiſper'd he was beat.*

Ver. 131. *Why riſk the world's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharſalia, Cæſar purſued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, and inſtead of puſhing his advantages, and diſperſing the relicks of the Pharſalian quarrel, (after narrowly eſcaping the violence of an enraged populace) brought upon himſelf an unneceſſary war, at a time his arms were moſt wanted elſewhere.

Ver. 141. *Court-virtues bear, like Gems, etc.*] This whole reflection, and the ſimilitude brought to ſupport it, have a great delicacy of ridicule.

Variations.

Ver. 129. in the former Editions:

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, becauſe Cæſar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As Cæſar too afforded an inſtance of both caſes, it was thought better to make him the ſingle example.

In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſow'r:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk mens Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

VER. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;—Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.*] Diſaſters the moſt unlook'd for, as they were what the Free-thinker's *Speculations* and *Practice* were principally directed to avoid.—The poet here alludes to the ancient claſſical opinion, that the ſudden viſion of a God was ſuppoſed to ſtrike the irreverend obſerver ſpeechleſs. He has only a little extended the conceit, and ſuppoſed, that the terrors of a *Court-God* might have the like effect on a very devoted worſhipper.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.

Ver. 172, 173. *Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,—Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.*] The poet had hitherto reckoned up the several *simple* causes that hinder our knowledge of the natural characters of men. In these two fine lines he describes the *complicated* causes. *Humours* bear the same relation to *Manners*, that *Principles* do to *Tenets*; that is, the former are *modes* of the latter; our *Manners* (says the Poet) are warped from nature by our *Fortunes* or Stations; our *Tenets*, by our *Books* or Professions; and then each drawn still more oblique, into *humour* and political *principles*, by the temperature of the *climate*, and the constitution of the *government*.

Ver. 174. *Search then the Ruling Passion:*] See Essay on Man, Ep. ii. ver. 133. et seq.

Ver. 181. *The Lust of Praise:*] This very well expresses the *grossness* of his appetite for it; where the *strength* of the Passion had destroyed all the *delicacy* of the Sensation.

Ver. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rochester, famous for his Wit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

Ver. 189. *With the same* spirit] *Spirit*, for principle, not passion.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill, to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.

VER. 200. *A* Fool, *with more of* Wit] *Folly*, joined with much *Wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *Abſurdity*; and this abſurdity the poet has here admirably deſcribed in the words,

Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd,

by which we are made to underſtand, that the perſon deſcribed gave a looſe to his *Fancy* when he ſhould have uſed his *Judgment*; and purſued his *Speculations* when he ſhould have truſted to his *Experience*.

VER. 207. *'Twas all for fear, etc.*] To underſtand this, we muſt obſerve, that the *Luſt of general praiſe* made the perſon, whoſe character is here ſo admirably drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious*; his *Madneſs* was to pleaſe the *Fools*,

Women and *Fools* muſt like him, or he dies.

And his *Crimes* to avoid the cenſure of the Knaves,

'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* ſhould call him Fool.

Prudence and *Honeſty* being the two qualities that Fools and Knaves are moſt intereſted, and conſequently moſt induſtrious to miſrepreſent.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.

Ver. 209. *Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.*] This illuſtration has an exquiſite beauty, ariſing from the exactneſs of the analogy: For, as the appearance of irregularity, in a Comet's motion, is occaſioned by the greatneſs of the *force* which puſhes it round a very eccentric orb; ſo it is the *violence* of the Ruling Paſſion, that, impatient for its object, in the impetuoſity of its courſe towards it, is frequently hurried to an immenſe diſtance from it, which occaſions all that puzzling inconſiſtency of conduct we obſerve in it.

Ver. 213— *A noble Dame a whore*;] The ſiſter of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

Ver. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride*, *Vanity*, and *Ambition* are ſuch bordering and neighbouring vices, and hold ſo much in common, that we generally find them going together, and therefore, as generally miſtake them for one another. This does not a little contribute to our confounding Characters; for they are, in reality, very different and diſtinct; ſo much ſo, that 'tis remarkable, the three greateſt Men in Rome, and cotemporaries, poſſeſſed each of theſe ſeparately, without the leaſt mixture of the other two; The Men I mean were Cæſar, Cato, and Cicero: For Cæſar had *Ambition* without either vanity or pride; Cato had *Pride* without ambition or vanity; and Cicero had *Vanity* without pride or ambition.

Variations.

In the former Editions, ver. 208.

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Alter'd, as above, for very obvious reaſons.

In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in bus'neſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

VER. 227. *Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.*] Human nature is here humouroufly called *honeſt*, as the impulſe of the *ruling paſſion* (which ſhe gives and cheriſhes) makes her more and more impatient of diſguiſe.

VER. 231. *Laneſb'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health and diſpel her grief by *Dancing*.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone,*] A fact told him, of a Lady at Paris.

" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
" No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
" I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—" My money, Sir, what all?
" Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Manor, Sir?—" The Manor! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
" Oh, ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

Ver. 247. —*the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke*] This ſtory, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodneſs not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actreſs, who, in deteſtation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave theſe her laſt orders with her dying breath.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

In Men, we various ruling Passions find,
In Woman, two almost devide the kind;
Those only fixd, they first or last obey,
The love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway.

Char: of Women.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.

Of the Characters *of* WOMEN.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.

Of the Characters of Women.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finiſhed than this Epiſtle: Yet its ſucceſs was in no proportion to the pains he took in compoſing it. Something he chanced to drop in a ſhort advertiſement prefixed to it, on its firſt publication, may perhaps account for the ſmall attention given to it. He ſaid, that *no one character in it was drawn from the life.* The public believed him on his word, and expreſſed little curioſity about a Satire, in which there was nothing perſonal.

VER. 1. *Nothing ſo true, etc.*] The reader perhaps may be diſappointed to find that this *Epiſtle*, which propoſes the ſame ſubject with the preceding, is conducted on very different rules of method: for, inſtead of being diſpoſed in the ſame logical connection, and filled with the like philoſophical remarks, it is wholly taken up in drawing a great variety of capital characters: But if he would reflect, that the *two Sexes* make but *one Species*, and conſequently, that the Characters of both muſt be ſtudied and explained on the ſame principles, he would ſee that when the poet had done this in the preceding Epiſtle, his buſineſs here was, not to repeat what he had already delivered, but only to verify and illuſtrate his doctrine, by every *view* of that perplexity of Nature, which *his* philoſophy only can explain. If the reader therefore will but be at the pains to ſtudy theſe Characters with any degree

How many pictures of one Nymph we view, 5
All how unlike each other, all how true!

of attention, as they are here maſterly drawn, one important particular (for which the poet has artfully prepared him by the introduction) will very forcibly ſtrike his obſervation; and that is, that all the great ſtrokes in the ſeveral Characters of *Women* are not only infinitely perplexed and diſcordant, like thoſe in *Men*, but abſolutely inconſiſtent, and in a much higher degree *contradictory*. As ſtrange as this may appear, yet he will ſee that the poet has all the while ſtrictly followed Nature, whoſe ways, we find by the former Epiſtle, are not a little myſterious; and a myſtery this might have remained, had not our author explained it at ver. 207. where he ſhuts up his *Characters* with this philoſophical reflection:

In Men, we *various ruling Paſſions* find;
In Women, *two* almoſt divide the kind:
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The love of Pleaſure, and the love of Sway.

If this account be true, we ſee the perpetual neceſſity (which is not the caſe in *Men*) that *Women* lie under of *diſguiſing* their *ruling Paſſion*. Now the variety of arts employed to this purpoſe, muſt needs draw them into infinite contradictions in thoſe *Actions* from whence their general and obvious Character is denominated: to verify this obſervation, let the leader examine all the Characters here drawn, and try whether with this key he cannot diſcover that all their Contradictions ariſe from a deſire to hide the *ruling Paſſion*.

But this is not the worſt. The Poet afterwards (from ver. 218 to 249) takes notice of another miſchief ariſing from this neceſſity of hiding their ruling Paſſions; which is, that generally the end of each is defeated, even there where they are moſt violently purſued: For the neceſſity of hiding them inducing an habitual diſſipation of mind, Reaſon, whoſe office it is to regulate the *ruling Paſſion*, loſes all its force and direction; and theſe unhappy victims to their principles, tho' with their attention ſtill *fixed* upon them, are ever proſecuting the means deſtructive of their end, and thus become ridiculous in youth, and miſerable in old age.

Let me not omit to obſerve the great beauty of the concluſion: It is an Encomium on an imaginary Lady to whom the Epiſtle is addreſſed, and artfully turns upon the fact which makes the ſubject of the Epiſtle, the *contradiction of a Woman's Character*, in which contradiction he ſhews that all the luſtre even of the beſt Character conſiſts:

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a *Contradiction* ſtill, *etc.*

Ver. 5. *How many pictures*] The poet's purpoſe here is to ſhew, that the Characters of Women are generally inconſiſtent with

Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Maſk:
So morning Inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting-ſun.

themſelves; and this he illuſtrates by ſo happy a *Similitude*, that we ſee the folly, deſcribed in it, ariſes from that very principle which gives birth to this inconſiſtency of Character.

VER. 7, 8, 10, etc. *Arcadia's Counteſs,—Paſtora by a fountain—Leda with a ſwan—Magdalene—Cecilia—*] Attitudes in which ſeveral ladies affected to be drawn, and ſometimes one lady in them all.—The poet's politeneſs and complaiſance to the ſex is obſervable in this inſtance, amongſt others, that, whereas in the *Characters of Men*, he has ſometimes made uſe of real names, in the *Characters of Women*, always fictitious.

VER. 20. *Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding to the precept of *Freſnoy*,

formæ veneres captando fugaces.

VER. 21. Inſtances of contrarieties, given even from ſuch Characters as are moſt ſtrongly marked, and ſeemingly therefore moſt conſiſtent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ver. 21, etc.

How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow;
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;

Ver. 29, and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured.*
Ver. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful.*
Ver. 52. *As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.*] Her charms conſiſted in the ſingular turn of her vivacity; conſequently the ſtronger ſhe exerted this vivacity, the more forcible muſt be her attraction. But the point, where it came to exceſs, would deſtroy all the delicacy, and expoſe all the coarſeneſs of ſenſuality.
Ver. 53. IV. In the *Whimſical.*

Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets thro' pure love of Wit.
What has nor fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,

Ver. 57. — *in a Chriſtian trim,*] This is finely expreſſed, implying that her very charity was as much an exterior of Religion, as the ceremonies of the ſeaſon. It was not even in a *Chriſtian humour*, it was only *in a Chriſtian trim*.

Ver. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious*.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. *What has not fir'd, etc.*] In the MS.

In whoſe mad brain the mixt ideas roll
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common Thought:
You purchaſe pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.
Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

Ver. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined*.

Ver. 89. *Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars.—Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!*] See Note on ver. 90. of Ep. to Lord *Cobham*.

Ver. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell,* but *(like her Grace)—Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"*] *i. e. Her* who affects to laugh out of *faſhion*, and ſtrives to diſbelieve out of *fear*.

But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd, except her Rage.
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence purſu'd,
Nor more a ſtorm her Hate than gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a Curſe!
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,

VARIATIONS,

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppreſs'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf thro' very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how ſhould equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

Ver. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, etc.*] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his Philoſophy, which he never loſes ſight of, and which teaches, that Providence is inceſſantly turning the evils ariſing from the follies and vices of men to general good.

Ver. 156. *Chameleons who can paint in white and black?*] There is one thing that does a very diſtinguiſhed honour to the accuracy of our poet's judgment, of which, in the courſe of theſe obſervations, I have given many inſtances, and ſhall here explain in what it conſiſts; it is this, that the *Similitudes* in his didactic poems, of which he is not ſparing, and which are all highly poetical, are always choſen with ſuch exquiſite diſcernment of Nature, as not only to illuſtrate the particular point he is upon, but to eſtabliſh the general principles he would enforce; ſo, in the inſtance before us, he compares the inconſtancy and contradiction in the Characters of Women, to the change of colours in the Chameleon; yet 'tis nevertheleſs the great principle of this poem to ſhew that the general Characteriſtic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Paſſions, which they all have, is more uniform than that in Man: Now for this purpoſe, all Nature could not have ſupplied ſuch another illuſtration as this of the Chameleon; for though it inſtantaneouſly aſſumes much of the colour of every ſubject on which it chances to be placed, yet, as the moſt accurate *Virtuoſi* have ob-

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the bleſſing fall
On any one ſhe hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part ſhould wander to the poor.

" Yet Chloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your ſecret ſtill in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

ſerved, it has *two* native colours of its own, which (like the *two* ruling paſſions in the Sex) amidſt all theſe changes are never totally diſcharged, but, though often diſcoloured by the neighbourhood of adventitious ones, ſtill make the foundation, and give a tincture to all thoſe which, from thence, it occaſionally aſſumes.

Ver. 157. " *Yet Chloe ſure, etc.*] The purpoſe of the poet in this Character is important: It is to ſhew that the politic or prudent government of the paſſions is not enough to make a Character amiable, nor even to ſecure it from being ridiculous, if the end of that government be not purſued, which is the free exerciſe of the ſocial appetites after the ſelfiſh ones have been ſubdued; for that if, though reaſon govern, the heart be never conſulted, we intereſt ourſelves as little in the fortune of ſuch a Character as in any of the foregoing, which paſſions or caprice drive up and down at random.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a *Queen:*
THE SAME FOR EVER! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhew their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.
But grant, in Public Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in Private life alone:

VER. 181. *One certain Portrait—the ſame for ever!—*] This is entirely ironical, and conveys under it this general moral truth, that there is, in life, no ſuch thing as a perfect Character; ſo that the ſatire falls not on any particular *Character*, or Station, but on the *Character-maker* only. See Note on ver. 78. 1 Dialogue 1738.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, ſervant to the late King.

VER. 199. *But grant, in Public, etc.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be perceived, occaſioned by the omiſſion of certain *Examples* and

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia ſpy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I bluſh no leſs,
Inſtead of Berenice to think on Beſs.
Thus while immortal Cibber only ſings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The Nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if ſhe love, and merit verſe, have mine.

Our bolder Talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.
In Men we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of ſway.
That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Buſ'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

Illuſtrations to the Maxims laid down; and though ſome of theſe have ſince been found, *viz.* the Characters of *Philomedé*, *Atoſſa*, *Chloe*, and ſome verſes following, others are ſtill wanting, nor can we anſwer that theſe are exactly inſerted.

Ver. 207. The former part having ſhewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the *general* Characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the *ruling Paſſion*, is more uniform.

Ver. 211. This is occaſioned partly by their *Nature*, partly their *Education*, and in ſome degree by *Neceſſity*.

Ver. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] "Some men "(ſays the poet) take to buſineſs, ſome to pleaſure, but every "woman would willingly make *pleaſure her buſineſs:*" which being the peculiar characteriſtic of a *Rake*, we muſt needs think that he includes (in his uſe of the word here) no more of the Rake's ill qualities than are implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleaſure his buſineſs.*

Variations.

Ver. 207. in the firſt Edition.

In ſev'ral Men we ſev'ral paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the ſex, as children Birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign;
To raiſe the thought, and touch the Heart be thine!

Ver. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this Sex.—I. As to *Power*.

Ver. 231. — II. As to *Pleaſure*.

Ver. 249, Advice for their true Intereſt.

That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er anſwers 'till a Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.

Ver. 253. *So when the Sun's broad beam, etc.*] One of the great beauties obſervable in the poet's management of his *Similitudes*, is the ceremonious preparation he makes for them, in gradually raiſing the imagery of the ſimilitude in the lines preceding, by the uſe of metaphors taken from the ſubject of it:

—— while what *fatigues* the ring,
Flaunts and *goes down*, an unregarded thing.

And the civil diſmiſſion he gives them by the continuance of the ſame metaphor, in the lines following, whereby the traces of the imagery gradually decay, and give place to others, and the reader is never offended with the ſudden or abrupt diſappearance of it,

Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe *unclouded ray, etc.*

Another inſtance of the ſame kind we have in this epiſtle, in the following lines,

Chuſe a firm *cloud* before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe *change*, the *Cynthia* of this minute.
Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay *Meteor* of a *Spark*, *etc.*

Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your ſex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

Ver. 285, etc. *Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,—Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r;—And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf*] The poet concludes his Epiſtle with a fine *Moral*, that deſerves the ſerious attention of the public: It is this, that all the extravagances of theſe *vicious* Characters here deſcribed, are much inflamed by a wrong Education, hinted at in ver. 203; and that even the *beſt* are rather ſecured by a *good natural* than by the prudence and providence of parents; which obſervation is conveyed under the ſublime claſſical machinery of Phœbus in the aſcendant, watching the natal hour of his favourite, and averting the ill effects of her parents miſtaken fondneſs: For Phœbus, as the god of Wit, confers Genius; and, as one of the aſtronomical Influences, defeats the adventitious byas of education.

In concluſion, the great Moral from both theſe Epiſtles together is, that the two rareſt things in all Nature are a DISINTERESTED MAN, and a REASONABLE WOMAN.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN, Lord BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

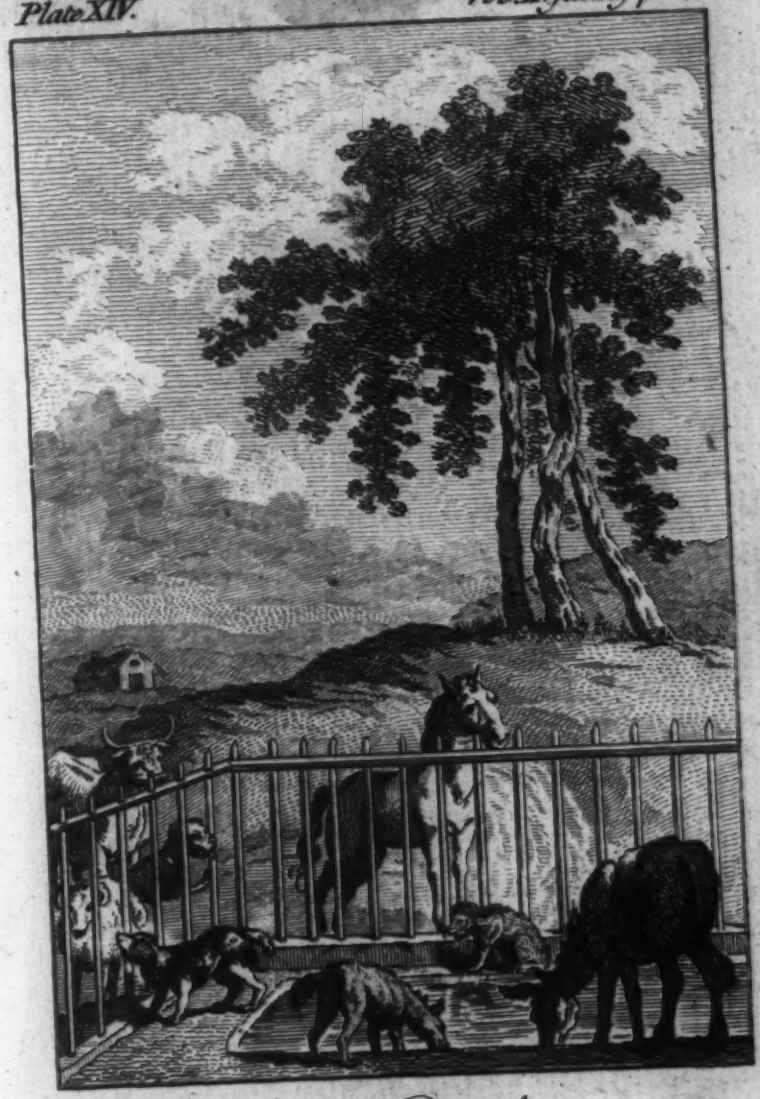
THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice *or* Profuſion, ver. 1, etc. *The Point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind,* ver. 21 *to* 77. *That Riches, either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely Neceſſaries,* ver. 89 *to* 160. *That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpoſe,* ver. 113, etc. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men,* ver. 121 *to* 153. *That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, *which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions,* ver. 161 *to* 178. *How a* Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable,* ver. 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame,* ver. 199. *The due Medium, and true uſe of Riches,* ver. 219. *The* Man *of* Roſs, ver. 250. *The fate of the* Profuſe *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death,* ver. 300, etc. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

P. WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;
And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide agen.

EPISTLE III.] This Epiſtle was written after a violent outcry againſt our Author, on a ſuppoſition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taſte. He juſtified himſelf upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are theſe words: "I have learnt that there are ſome who "would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may "be ſafer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my "betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their idols, their groves, and "their high places; and change my ſubject from their pride to "their meanneſs, from their vanities to their miſeries; and as the "only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and "not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my "next, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones."

VER. 3. *Momus giv'n,*] Amongſt the earlieſt abuſes of reaſon, one of the firſt was to cavil at the ways of Providence. But as, in thoſe times, every Vice as well as Virtue, had its Patron-God, MOMUS came to be at the head of the old *Freethinkers*. Him, the Mythologiſts very ingeniouſly made the Son of *Sleep* and *Night*, and ſo, conſequently, half-brother to *Dulneſs*. But having been much employed, in after-ages, by the *Greek* Satiriſts, he came, at laſt, to paſs for a *Wit*; and under this idea he is to be conſidered in the place before us.



Proceed great Days! ———

Dunciad.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward; but he ſet up prior conveyances of his real eſtate to his brother and ſon, and concealed all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. Theſe conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects 'till the laſt day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give poiſon to dogs and cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the ſeveral æra's of his life. At his ſtanding in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thouſand pounds*; at his commitment to priſon, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thouſand*; but has been ſo far diminiſhed in his reputation, as to be thought a *worſe man* by *fifty or ſixty thouſand*.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raiſed a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, *etc.* into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
HE acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When poſſeſſed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deſerved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh indignant Reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages
A conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a year* eſtate in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of theſe worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raiſed by the like diligent attendance on the neceſſities of others. But this gentleman's hiſtory muſt be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:
B. Trade it may help, Society extend:
P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid:
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If ſecret gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore;

VER. 34. *If ſecret gold* ſap *on from knave to knave.*] The expreſſion is fine, and gives us the image of a place inveſted, where the approaches are made by communications which ſupport each other; as the connections among knaves, after they have been taken in by a ſtate engineer, ſerve to ſcreen and encourage one another's private corruptions.

VER. 35. —*beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true ſtory, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the burſting of the bag diſcovered his buſineſs there.

VER. 42. —*fetch or carry Kings*;] In our author's time, many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had diſpoſed of Spain; France had ſet up a King for England, who was ſent to Scotland, and back again; King Staniſlaus was ſent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was ſent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

VER. 44. *Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore*;] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the Year 1720.

A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
  Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
  Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.

Ver. 47. *Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,*] This imagery is very ſublime, and alludes to the courſe of a deſtroying Peſtilence. The Pſalmiſt, in his expreſſion of *the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſs*, ſupplied him with the grandeur of his idea.

Ver. 63. Some Miſers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an Aſſociation to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, 'till one of them taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year.

Variations.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

– To break a truſt were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as thine.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
Cloaths, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!

VER. 65. *Colepepper.*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a Perſon of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a Poſt in the army which was offered him.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach, becauſe Intereſt was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better intereſt; which ſum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another conſiderable eſtate, which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both cloaths and all other expences.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *Since then, etc.*] In the former Ed.
Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part.
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:

but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle.

Ver. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whoſe rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds*, which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond generation. His counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereſt all that time, he expreſſed great joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be as long in ſpending, as he had "been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

Ver. 86. *Japhet, Noſe and Ears?*] Japhet Crook, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he poſſeſſed another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the brother of the deceaſed. By theſe means he was *worth* a great ſum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his ears) he enjoyed in priſon till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Ver. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Ducheſs of R. in her laſt Will left conſiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

Ver. 100. *Bond damns the Poor, etc.*] This epiſtle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who ſuffer thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.
P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.

money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy ſufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the houſe, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whoſe uſe it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor*. That "God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave "or fool," *etc.* were the genuine apothegms of ſome of the perſons here mentioned.

Ver. 102. *That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:*] None are more ſubject to be deluded by this vain miſtake, *that prudence does all in human affairs*, than thoſe who have been moſt befriended by Fortune. The reaſon is, that, in this ſituation, *Prudence* has never been brought to the teſt, nor *Vanity* ever mortified. So that Prudence will be always ready to take to herſelf what Fortune encourages Vanity to call her due. And then want of ſucceſs will of courſe be imputed to want of wit.

Ver. 118. *To live on Ven'ſon*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds.

Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian Mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:

Ver. 120. —*general Exciſe.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have ſome intimation.

Ver. 123. *Wiſe Peter*] Peter Walter, a perſon not only eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a ſafe, conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and oſtentation: his wealth was never ſeen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own ſon, for whom he procured an employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

Ver. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax.

Ver. 127. *The Crown of Poland, etc.*] The two perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Miſſiſippi deſpiſed to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds*; the Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a viſion of the like royal nature. They ſince retired into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of gold in the mines of the Aſturias.

Ver. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir John Blunt, originally a ſcrivener, was one of the firſt projectors of the South-ſea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;
" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
" And Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
" arms!"

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing Party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.

famous ſcheme in 1720. He was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffered moſt ſeverely by the bill of pains and penalties on the ſaid directors. He was a Diſſenter of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſſed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the miſery of party-ſpirit. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in great and noble perſons, of which he had indeed lived to ſee many miſerable examples. He died in the year 1732.

" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral uſe."
Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182. *With ſoups unbought*]

— dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis. Virg.

Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.
(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motives this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

" Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
" More go to ruin fortunes than to raiſe.

which, as they ſeem to be neceſſary to do juſtice to the general Character going to be deſcribed, I adviſed him to inſert in their place.

In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.
The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, not rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Œconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the Skies.
P. Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furniſh'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty miſapply'd,
In laviſh Curio blaz'd awhile and dy'd;
There Providence once more ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And ſhewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The ſecret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n loſt, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miſs'd by Vice, and ſcarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodneſs, or by S—'s wit.

Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Your's, or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh Bounty yet a-while may ſtand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?

VER. 243. OXFORD's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the ſon of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the moſt noble Libraries in Europe.

VER. 250. *The* MAN *of* ROSS:] The perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually performed all theſe good works, and whoſe true name was almoſt loſt (partly by the title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an inſcription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's ſhore,
Who ſings not him, oh may he ſing no more!

Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The Man of Ross," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;

Ver. 281. *Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze! etc.*] In this ſublime apoſtrophe, they are not bid to *bluſh* becauſe *outſtript* in virtue, for no ſuch contention is ſuppoſed: but for being *outſhined* in their own proper pretenſions to Splendor and Magnificence.

Ver. 287. *Go, ſearch it there,*] The pariſh-regiſter.

Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of Pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!

Ver. 293. *Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,—Belies his features, nay extends his hands*;] The deſcription is inimitable. We ſee him *ſhould'ring the altar* like one who impiouſly affected to draw off the reverence of God's worſhipers, from the ſacred table, upon himſelf; whoſe *Features* too the ſculptor *had belied* by giving them the traces of humanity: And, what was ſtill a more impudent flattery, had inſinuated, by *extending his hands*, as if that humanity had been, ſome time or other, put into act.

Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large perriwigs on buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples in the tombs at Weſtminſter, and elſewhere.

Ver. 305. *Great Villers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been poſſeſſed of about 50,000 *l.* a year, and paſſed through many of the higheſt poſts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkſhire, reduced to the utmoſt miſery.

Variations.

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Regiſter inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Juſt as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
Then ſtole to reſt unheeded and unſeen.

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.

Ver. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

Ver. 308. *Shrewſbury*] The Counteſs of Shrewſbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her huſband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been ſaid, that during the combat ſhe held the Duke's horſes in the habit of a page.

Ver. 312. *No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.*] That is, he liked diſguiſed flattery better than the more direct and avowed. And no wonder a man of wit ſhould have this taſte. For the taking pleaſure in fools, for the ſake of *laughing at them*, is nothing elſe but the complaiſance of *flattering ourſelves*, by an advantageous compariſon, which the mind makes between itſelf and the object laughed at. Hence too we may ſee the Reaſon of mens preferring *this* to other kinds of flattery. For we are always inclined to think that work beſt done, which we do ourſelves.

What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.

Ver. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inſcription importing that city to have been burnt by the papiſts.

Ver. 355. *Corniſh*] The author has placed the ſcene of theſe ſhipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 337. In the former Editions,
That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a tale?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at Church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:

coaſt, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to thoſe to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ſhip happens to be ſtranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and ſometimes even to maſſacre the people: Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to ſuppreſs theſe barbarities.

Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the Fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

Ver. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the prize,*] This is to be underſtood in a very ſober and *decent* ſenſe; as a Satire only on ſuch Miniſters of State which Hiſtory informs us have been found, who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations*, in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the ſake of confiſcations. So ſure always, and juſt is our author's ſatire, even in thoſe places where he ſeems moſt to have indulged himſelf only in an elegant badinage. But this Satire on the *abuſe* of the general Laws of forfeiture for high treaſon, which all well-policied communities have found expedient to provide themſelves withal, is by no means to be underſtood as a reflection on the Laws themſelves, whoſe neceſſity, equity, and even lenity have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant diſcourſe intitled, *Some Conſiderations on the Law of Forfeiture for high Treaſon. Third Edition*, London, 1748.

Ver. ult. —*curſes God and dies.*] i. e. Fell under the temptation; alluding to the ſtory of Job referred to above.

Imitations.

Ver. 394. *And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.*]
—atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ*. Juv.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuſe of the word Taſte, ver. 13. *That the firſt principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is* Good Senſe, ver. 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Inſtanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all muſt be adapted to the* Genius *and* Uſe *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it,* ver. 50. *How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe* long, *if* at all; *and the beſt* Examples *and* Rules *will but be perverted into ſomething* burdenſome *or ridiculous,* ver. 65, etc. *to* 92. *A deſcription of the* falſe Taſte *of* Magnificence; *the firſt grand error of which is to imagine that* Greatneſs *conſiſts in the* Size *and* Dimenſion, *inſtead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, ver. 97. *and the ſecond, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely reſembling, *or*

in the Repetition *of the* ſame *too frequently,* ver. 105, etc. *A word or two of falſe Taſte in* Books, *in* Muſick, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and laſtly in* Entertainments, ver. 133, etc. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind,* ver. 169. [*recurring to what is laid down in the firſt Book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epiſtle preceding this,* ver. 159, etc.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of* Great Men, ver. 177, etc. *and finally the Great and Public Works which become a* Prince, ver. 191, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion* being treated of in the foregoing Epiſtle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expence* in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, juſt as the epiſtle on the *Characters of Women* is to that *of the Knowledge and Characters of Men*. It is equally remarkable for exactneſs of method with the reſt. But the nature of the ſubject, which is leſs philoſophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compaſs.

VER. 7. *Topham,*] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke Statues,* dirty Gods, *and Coins*;] The Author ſpeaks here not as a Philoſopher or Divine, but as a *Connoiſſeur* and Antiquary; conſequently the *dirty* attribute here aſſigned theſe Gods of old renown, is not in diſparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretenſions.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt collection in Europe of natural curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity.

VER. 12. *Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.*] By the Author's manner of putting together theſe two different Utenſils of *falſe Magnificence*, it appears, that, properly ſpeaking, neither the *Wife* nor the *Whore* is the real object of *modern taſte*, but the *Finery* only: And whoever wears it, whether the Wife or the Whore, it matters not; any further than that the *latter* is thought

What brought S^r. Visto's ill-got wealth to waste.
Some Dæmon whisperd, Visto! have a Taste.

Epist. on Taste.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew, how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive Fate, to puniſh aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.

to deſerve it beſt, as appears from her having moſt of it; and ſo indeed becomes, by accident, the more faſhionable Thing of the two.

Ver. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a firſt Miniſter, who raiſed him to an Architect, without any genius in the art: and after ſome wretched proofs of his inſufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of works.

Ver. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Muſt Biſhops, Lawyers, Stateſmen, have the ſkill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Goſpel, Gibbs the Law?

Shall call the wind thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Senſe:
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;

Ver. 46. *Inigo Jones* the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre*, the deſigner of the beſt Gardens in France.

Ver. 57. *Conſult the Genius of the Place, etc.*—to *deſigns*, ver. 64.] The perſonalizing or rather *deifying* the *Genius of the place*, in order to be conſulted as an *Oracle*, has produced one of the nobleſt and moſt ſublime deſcriptions of *Deſign*, that poetry could expreſs. Where this *Genius*, while preſiding over the work, is repreſented by little and little, as advancing from a ſimple *adviſer*, to a *creator* of all the beauties of improved Nature, in a *variety* of bold metaphors and alluſions, all ariſing one above another, till they complete the *unity* of the general idea.

Firſt the *Genius* of the place *tells the waters*, or only ſimply gives directions: Then he *helps th' ambitious hill*, or is a fellow-labourer:

Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow Senſe, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.

Then again he *ſcoops the circling Theatre*, or works alone, or in chief. Afterwards, riſing faſt in our idea of dignity, he *calls in the country*, alluding to the orders of princes in their progreſs, when accuſtomed to diſplay all their ſtate and magnificence: His character then grows ſacred, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one of the offices of the prieſthood; 'till at length, he becomes a Divinity, and creates and preſides over the whole:

> Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
> Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

Much in the ſame manner as the *plaſtic Nature* is ſuppoſed to do, in the work of human generation.

Ver. 70. The ſeat and gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham in Buckinghamſhire.

Ver. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,— You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.*] This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

Ver. 78. —*ſet Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clarke's buſto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr. duely frequented the Court. P. But he ſhould have added—with the innocence and diſintereſtedneſs of a Hermit.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario, can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.

At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.

Ver. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundleſs Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flouriſh'd carpet*, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

Ver. 96. — *mournful family of Yews*;] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little ornaments as Pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion.

Ver. 99. *At* Timon's *Villa*] This deſcription is intended to comprize the principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but Good Senſe can attain it.

Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade;

VER. 104. —*all Brobdignag*] A region of giants, in the ſatires of *Gulliver*.

VER. 117, 118. *Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,— And half the platform juſt reflects the other.*] This is exactly the *two puddings* of the citizen in the foregoing fable, only ſerved up a little more magnificently: But both on the ſame abſurd principle of wrong taſte, viz. that one can never have too much of a good thing.

Ibid. *Grove nods at grove, etc.*] The exquiſite humour of this expreſſion ariſes ſolely from its ſignificancy. Theſe *groves* that have no meaning, but very near relationſhip, can expreſs themſelves only like twin-idiots by *nods*;

—— nutant ad mutua Palmæ
Fœdera ——

as the Poet ſays, which juſt ſerves to let us underſtand, that they know one another, as having been nurſed, and brought up by one common parent.

Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueil has bound.
Lo ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:

Ver. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*.

Ver. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communications* of houſe with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient.

Ver. 133. *His Study, etc.*] The falſe Taſte in Books; a ſatire on the vanity of collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carried it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do.

Ver. 141. The falſe taſte in *Muſic*, improper to the ſubject, as of light airs in churches, often practiſed by the organiſts, *etc.*

Ver. 142. *That ſummons you to all the* Pride *of Pray'r:*] This abſurdity is very happily expreſſed; *Pride*, of all human follies, being the firſt we ſhould leave behind us when we approach the ſacred altar. But he who could take Meanneſs for Magnificence, might eaſily miſtake *Humility* for *Meanneſs*.

Light quirks of Muſic, broken and eneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.
To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.

VER. 145. —And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, *etc.* which has obliged ſome Popes to put draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt maſters.

VER. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre,*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, *etc.* at Windſor, Hampton-Court, *etc.* and Laguerre at Blenheim-caſtle, and other places.

VER. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the ſinner with puniſhment in "a place which he thought it not decent to "name in ſo polite an aſſembly."

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (though ſometimes practiſed by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the ſhocking images of ſerpents, *etc.* are introduced in Grottos or Buffets.

VER. 153. *The rich Buffet* well-colour'd *Serpents grace,*] The circumſtance of being *well-colour'd* ſhews this ornament not only to be very abſurd, but very *odious* too; and has a peculiar beauty, as, in one inſtance of falſe Taſte, viz. *an injudicious choice in imitation,* he gives (in the epithet employed) the ſuggeſtion of another, which is the *injudicious manner of it.*

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner? etc.*] The proud Feſtivals of ſome men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where pride deſtroys the eaſe, and formal regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.

Ver. 160. Sancho's *dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii.

Ver. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, etc.*] The *Moral* of the whole, where Providence is juſtified in giving Wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ver. 230—7, and in the Epiſtle preceding this, ver. 161, etc.

Ver. 176. *And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.*] The great beauty of this line is an inſtance of the art peculiar to our poet; by which he has ſo diſpoſed a trite claſſical figure, as not only to make it do its vulgar office, of repreſenting a very *plentiful harveſt*, but alſo to aſſume the *Image of Nature*, re-eſtabliſhing herſelf in her rights, and *mocking* the vain efforts of falſe magnificence, which would keep her out of them.

Ver. 179, 180. *'Tis Uſe alone that* ſanctifies *Expence,—And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.*] Here the poet, to make the *examples* of *good Taſte* the better underſtood, introduces them

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe:
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Building, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;

with a ſummary of his *Precepts* in theſe two ſublime lines: for, the conſulting *Uſe* is *beginning with Senſe*; and the making *Splendor* or *Taſte borrow all its rays* from thence, is *going on with Senſe*, after ſhe has led us up to *Taſte*. The art of this can never be ſufficiently admired. But the Expreſſion is equal to the Thought. This *ſanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of ſomething conſecrated and ſet apart for ſacred uſes; and indeed, it is the idea under which it may be properly conſidered: For wealth employed according to the *intention* of Providence, is its true conſecration; and the real uſes of humanity were certainly *firſt* in its *intention*.

Ver. 195, 197, *etc.* *'Till Kings—Bid Harbours open, etc.*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to thoſe great and public works which become a prince. This poem was publiſhed in the year 1732, when ſome of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is ſatirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, *etc.* Dagenham-breach had done very great miſchiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly

Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

paſſable; and moſt of thoſe which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamouſly executed, even to the entrance of London itſelf: The propoſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petitioned againſt and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge paſſed through both houſes. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in theſe lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile.

See the notes on that place.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Occaſioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:

EPISTLE V.] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addiſon intended to publiſh his book of Medals; it was ſome time before he was Secretary of State; but not publiſhed till Mr. Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verſes on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epiſtle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; ſo this treats of one circumſtance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins: and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

VER. 6. *Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd*;] The inattentive reader might wonder how this circumſtance came to find a place here. But let him compare it with ver. 13, 14, and he will ſee the Reaſon,

Barbarian blindneſs, *Chriſtian* zeal conſpire,
And *Papal* piety, and *Gothic* fire.

For the *Slaves* mentioned in the 6th line were of the ſame nation with the *Barbarians* in the 13th; and the *Chriſtians* in the 13th, the Succeſſors of the *Martyrs* in the 16th: Providence ordaining that *theſe* ſhould ruin what *thoſe* were ſo injuriouſly employed in rearing; for the poet never loſeth ſight of his great principle.

Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive then they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the Learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his Schemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:

And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There, Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;

VER. 49. *Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage*;] A ſenſeleſs affectation which ſome writers of eminence have betrayed; who when fortune, or their talents, have raiſed them to a condition to do without thoſe arts, for which only they gained our eſteem, have pretended to think letters below their Character. This falſe ſhame Mr. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, expoſed in his account of Mr. Congreve: "He had one defect, "which was his entertaining too mean an Idea of his firſt Profeſ-"ſion, (that of a Writer) though it was to this he owed his Fame "and Fortune. He ſpoke of his Works as of Trifles that were "beneath him; and hinted to me in our firſt Converſation, that I "ſhould viſit him upon no other foot than that of a Gentleman, "who led a Life of plainneſs and ſimplicity. I anſwered, that, "had he been ſo unfortunate as to be a mere Gentleman, I ſhould "never have come to ſee him; and I was very much diſguſted at "ſo unſeaſonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the Engliſh Nation*, xix.

With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
" Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
" Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd."

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

The firſt publication of this *Epiſtle.*

THIS paper is a ſort of bill of complaint, begun many years ſince, and drawn up by ſnatches, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. I had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome perſons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Perſon*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to thoſe who know me not, a truer information may be requiſite. Being divided between the neceſſity to ſay ſomething of *myſelf*, and my own lazineſs to undertake ſo aukward a taſk, I thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this Epiſtle. If it have any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true; but I have, for the moſt part, ſpared their *Names*, and they may eſcape being laughed at, if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free Uſe of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage, and honour, on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeneſs*.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

Shut, shut the Door good John! fatigu'd I said
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick I'm dead.
Ep. to Arbuthnot.

EPISTLE to Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which inſolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there ſuffered to afford one another, from the perſecution of their creditors.

A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped.
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lye:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a Prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his Sempſtreſs' praiſe——

VER. 29. in the 1ſt Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their anger, or their friendſhip worſe?

" The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
" I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: " You know his Grace,
" I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—" but here's a letter
" Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
" Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
" He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a packet.—" 'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, " Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it,
" And ſhame the fools—Your int'reſt, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, " Do; and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when Midas' Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a King)

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a fooliſh Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. 1. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæſar alſo. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,

VER. 72. *Queen*] The ſtory is told, by ſome, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables.

VER. 80. *That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are viſible.

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

VER. 92. *The creature's at his dirty work again,*] This *metamorphoſing*, as it were, the *Scribler* into a *Spider* is much more poetical than a compariſon would have been. But Poets ſhould be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeneſs is not very ſtriking, inſtead of giving force, they become obſcure. Here, every thing concurs to make them run into one another. They both *ſpin*; not from the *head* [reaſon] but from the *guts* [paſſions and prejudices] and ſuch a *thread* that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themſelves.

Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God-ſake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—P. One Flatt'rer's worſe than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
There are, who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am ſhort,

VER. 98. *free-maſons Moor?*] He was of this ſociety, and frequently headed their proceſſions.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For ſong, for ſilence ſome expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
Time, praiſe, or money, is the leaſt they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and, "Sir! you have an Eye—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd.
The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long diſeaſe, my Life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.
But why then publiſh? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;

VER. 118. *Sir! you have an Eye*] It is remarkable that amongſt theſe compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, ſharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was ſome ground for commendation, as when there was none.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 124. in the MS.

But, friend, this ſhape, which You and Curl [a] admire,
Came not from Ammon's ſon, but from my Sire [b]:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuſe,
I had it from my Mother [c], not the Muſe.
Happy, if he, in whom theſe frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

[a] Curl ſet up his head for a ſign. [b] His father was crooked. [c] His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
And *St. John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.

VER. 139. *Talbot, etc.*] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a ſcandalous libel againſt him, entitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: perſons, with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following,

While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe? etc.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream*, is a verſe of Mr. Addiſon.

Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds:*
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a Crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;

VER. 164. *ſlaſhing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deſerved to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero deſcribe him not amiſs. "Habuit à natura genus quoddam "acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehen-"dendis verbis verſutum et ſollers: ſed ſæpe ſtomachoſum, non-"nunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

VER. 169. *Pretty! in amber, etc.*] The wit and imagery of this paſſage has been much and juſtly admired. The moſt deteſtable things in nature, as a *toad*, or a *beetle*, become pleaſing when well repreſented in a work of Art. But it is no leſs eminent for the beauty of the thought. For though a ſcribler *exiſts* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exiſts intombed*, a laſting monument of the wrath of the Muſes.

VER. 173. *Were others angry:*] The Poets.

VER. 174. —*I gave them but their due.*] Our Author always found thoſe he commended leſs *ſenſible* than thoſe he reproved. The reaſon is plain. He gave the latter *but their due*; and the other thought they had no more.

VER. 180. —*a Perſian tale.*] Amb. Philips tranſlated a Book called the *Perſian Tales*.

He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad *tranſlate*,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not ADDISON himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;

VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:*] A caſe common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himſelf out of his *own meaning*; and the *Critic* never gets into *another man's*. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their ſubject, as benighted people are wont to do, who ſeek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. *All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad tranſlate,*] See their works, in the Tranſlation of claſſical books by *ſeveral hands*.

VER. 190. *—nine ſuch Poets, etc.*] Alluding, not to the nine Muſes, but to nine Taylors.

VER. 192. *And ſwear,* not ADDISON *himſelf was ſafe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following tranſition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourably of the *ſeverity* of the ſatire, by thoſe who were ſtrangers to the provocation.

Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!
What tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

VER. 212. *And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—*] When men, out of flattery, extol what they are conſcious they do not underſtand, as is ſometimes the caſe of men of education, the fear of praiſing in the wrong place is likely enough to give a *fooliſh* turn to the air of an embarraſſed countenance.

VER. 213. *Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?*] While a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of it will be conſidered together; and if the aſſemblage of them be as incoherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleaſantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if* ATTICUS *were he!*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whoſe more obvious qualities had before gained our love or eſteem; then friendſhip, in ſpite of ridicule, will make a ſeparation: our old impreſſions get the better of our new, or, at leaſt, ſuffer themſelves to be no further impaired than by the admiſſion of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falſhood, which ſome of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which ſee refuted in the Teſtimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occaſion of writing it was ſuch as he would not make publick out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his works.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Pſalm.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the Iliad.

I ſought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.
Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in ſong.
His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:

VER. 236. —*a true* Pindar *ſtood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, etc. Vide *Fulv. Urſin, etc.*

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

But ſtill the *Great* have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each gray gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!
So when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the *Great!* for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;

VER. 248. —*help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtowed upon him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of quality.

VER. 251. *So when a Stateſman, etc.*] Notwithſtanding this ridicule on the *public* neceſſities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confeſs that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their *private* may. For (when uninfected by the *neighbourhood of Party*) he ſpeaks of thoſe diſtreſſes much more diſpaſſionately.

Our Miniſters like Gladiators live,
'Tis half their buſ'neſs blows to ward, or give;
The good their Virtue would effect, or Senſe,
Dies between Exigents and Self-defence. MS.

Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating *Balbus*) ſomething will come out.
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*
Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendſhips from youth I ſought, and ſeek them ſtill:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my ſchool[a],
And in a courſe of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I ſing Auguſtus, great and good?
A. You did ſo lately, was it underſtood?
Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verſe,
Then ſmooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearſe.
P. No—the high taſk to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-ſermons, and to birth-day Odes.
On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal ſhine.
Why write at all?—A. Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

[a] By *not making the World his School* he means, he did not form his ſyſtem of morality, on the principles or practice of men in buſineſs.

But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lye, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lye not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babbling blockheads in his ſtead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire or ſenſe, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

VER. 295. *Who has the vanity to call you friend,—Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend*;] When a great Genius, whoſe writings have afforded the world much pleaſure and inſtruction, happens to be enviouſly attacked, or falſly accuſed, it is natural to think, that a ſenſe of gratitude for ſo agreeable an obligation, or a ſenſe of that honour reſulting to our Country from ſuch a Writer, ſhould raiſe amongſt thoſe who *call* themſelves his *friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience ſhews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant ſatisfaction in the attack; others a fooliſh pleaſure in a literary conflict; and the far greater part look on with a ſelfiſh indifference.

VER. 299. *Who to the* Dean, *and* ſilver bell, *etc.*] Meaning the man who would have perſuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in thoſe circumſtances ridiculed in the Epiſtle on *Taſte*. See Mr. Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt.
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.
Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv.

VER. 320. *Half froth,*] Alluding to thoſe *frothy* excretions, called by the people, *Toad-ſpits*, ſeen in ſummer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young inſects which lie hid in the midſt of them, for their preſervation, while in their helpleſs ſtate.

That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lye in verſe or proſe the ſame,
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long.*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we conſider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the moſt poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris, "I intend to ſend you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, "the beſt poet of England, and at preſent of all the "world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the Engliſh "tongue, to be ſenſible of all the charms of his works. For "my part, I look upon his poem called the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* "as ſuperior to the *Art of poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of* "*the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Deſpreaux. I "never ſaw ſo amiable an imagination, ſo gentle graces, ſo great "variety, ſo much wit, and ſo refined knowledge of the world, "as in this little performance." *MS. Let. Oct.* 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *But ſtoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the alluſion to one of thoſe untamed birds of ſpirit, which ſometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *ſtoops to*, its prey.

VER. 350. *the lye ſo oft o'erthrown*] As, that he received ſubſcriptions for Shakeſpear, that he ſet his name to Mr. Broome's verſes, &c. which, tho' publicly diſproved, were nevertheleſs ſhameleſsly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epiſtle*.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed traſh,*] Such as profane *Pſalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his Name by Curl and others.

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling ſcribler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:

VER. 354. *Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bently, and other obſcure perſons.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of expreſſion! which, in one word, conveys to us the *phyſical* effects of ſound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated ſcandal.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the* laſt!] This line is remarkable for preſenting us with the moſt amiable image of ſteady Virtue, mixed with a modeſt concern for his being forced to undergo the ſevereſt proofs of his love for it, which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the ſin, and Man's the ſhame.

This dreaded Sat'riſt *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on *Welſted*'s lye.
To pleaſe a Miſtreſs one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was ſo long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that Poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurrilities and falſehoods concerning him.

VER. 375. *Welſted's lye.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a Perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſhed that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom, (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a preſent of *five hundred pounds*: the falſehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any preſent, farther than the ſubſcription for Homer, from him, or from *any great man* whatſoever.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, beſtowed much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grub-ſtreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Author.

VER. 379. *except his Will*,] Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the excluſion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himſelf almoſt the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, etc.*] In ſome of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was ſaid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper call'd an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!*
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung — A. What fortune, pray? —
P. Their own,
And better got, than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the Earl of Lindſey.—His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Eſq; of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finiſhed. The following inſcription was placed by their ſon on their Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex.

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI.

VER. 390. A. *What fortune, pray?*] His friend's perſonating *the Town* in this place, and aſſuming its impertinent curioſity, gives great ſpirit to the ridicule of the queſtion.—Julian has a parallel ſtroke, in his ſarcaſtic diſcourſe to the people of Antioch, where he tells them a ſtory out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who, when he came near their City, found their youth under arms, and the magiſtrates in their robes of office. On which alighting in an ill humour with his friends, who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the maſter of the ceremonies came up, and, advancing before the company, accoſted him in this manner; "Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?" *Now this Demetrius* (ſays

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,

Julian) *was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immenſely rich. You will aſk me what he was worth; for I know nothing ſo likely to excite your curioſity. Why, truly, for this, you muſt conſult Demophilus the Bithynian, whoſe anecdotes turn chiefly upon ſubjects of this high importance.*

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day.
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wiſe to write.

Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

SATIRES
AND
EPISTLES
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

SATIRES

AND

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 MAY 70

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the Clamour rais'd on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. An Anſwer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own perſon; and the Example of much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, ſeem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a ſtation. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Miniſters* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewſbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a *Satiriſt* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satiriſt* nothing is ſo odious as a *Libeller*, for the ſame reaſon as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

THE
First Satire of the Second Book
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphraſe* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in theſe IMITATIONS, will be much diſappointed. Our Author uſes the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old deſign or colouring chance to ſuit his purpoſe, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without ſcruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is ſo frequently ſerious where Horace is in jeſt; and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was neceſſary for his Concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners.*

Had it been his purpoſe merely to paraphraſe an ancient Satiriſt he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, beſides a comprehenſive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expreſſion, which conſiſts in uſing the ſimpleſt language with dignity, and the moſt ornamented, with eaſe. For the reſt, his harmony and ſtrength of numbers, his force and ſplendor of colouring, his gravity and ſublimity of ſentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper

leſs unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only ſmile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave ſeverity of Perſius: and what Mr. Pope would ſtrike with the cauſtic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himſelf in turning into ridicule.

If it be aſked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertiſement:* To which we may add, that this ſort of Imitations, which are of the Nature of *Parodies*, adds reflected grace and ſplendor on original wit. Beſides, he deemed it more modeſt to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Deſpreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
[a] There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[b] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c] I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

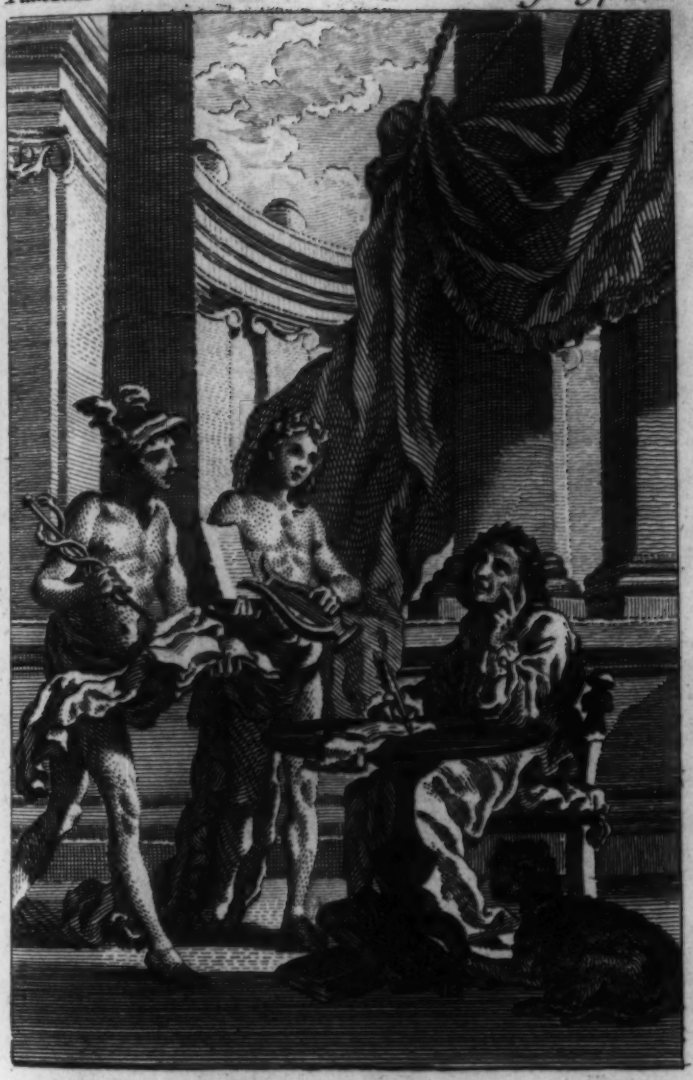
HORATIUS.

[a] SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; [b] ſine nervis altera, quidquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [c] Trebati,
Quid faciam? praeſcribe.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Scarce to wiſe* Peter—Chartres] It has been commonly obſerved of the Engliſh, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators, and their parting curſes on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly aſcribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a miſtake. The true cauſe is their hatred and envy of power. Their compaſſion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when expoſed by great writers to public contempt, either in juſtice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the ſame ſource. They cover their envy to a ſuperior Genius, in lamenting the ſeverity of his Pen.

Plate XVII. Vol. II. facing p. 206.



Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

Ep. to Satires part 2.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
MAY

F. [d] I'd write no more!

P. Not write? but then I think,
[e] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.

F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a wife:
[f] Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip-wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[g] Or, if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe,
[h] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays.*

T. [d] Quieſcas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: [e] verum nequeo dormire.

T. [f] Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
[g] Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, [h] multa laborum
Praemia laturus.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,*] The delicacy of this does not ſo much lie in the ironical application of it to himſelf, as in its ſeriouſly characteriſing the Perſon for whoſe advice he applies.

VER. 11. *Not write? etc.*] He has omitted the moſt humourous part of the anſwer.

Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat,

and has loſt the grace, by not imitating the conciſeneſs, of

verum nequeo dormire.

For conciſeneſs, when it is clear (as in this place) gives the higheſt grace to elegance of expreſſion.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls ſhort of it.

P. What? like Sir [i] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With Arms and George and Brunswick crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?

F. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. [l] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i] neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* deſcribat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. [k] Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: [l] niſi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

Notes.

Ver. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, etc.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philoſopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our Engliſh poets, except Milton* (ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Locke) *have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon of him.* And Mr. Locke, in anſwer to this obſervation, replies, *I find with pleaſure, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your Thoughts and mine.* Juſt ſo a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Hiſtorian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But theſe being judgments made by men out of their own profeſſion, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully paſs for Poetaſters to the world's end.

Ver. 28. *falling Horſe?*] The horſe on which his Majeſty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.
F. [m] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail them?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. [o] Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;
[p] F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæſaris* aurem:
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. [m] Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
[n] Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quamquam eſt *intactus*, et odit.
H. [o] Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
[p] Caſtor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Abuſe the City's* beſt good men *in* metre] The *beſt good Man*, a City phraſe for the *richeſt*. *Metre*—not uſed here, purely to help the verſe, but to ſhew what it is a citizen eſteems the greateſt aggravation of the offence.

VER. 41. *What ſhould ail them?*] Horace hints at *one* reaſon, *that each fears his own turn may be next*; his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reaſon which inſinuates, that his very lenity, in uſing feigned names, increaſes the number of his Enemies.

VER. 50. *Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.*] This has neither the juſtneſs nor elegance of

ovo prognatus eodem.

I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.

Millia. me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilii ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella

NOTES.

For tho' it may appear odd, that thoſe *who come from the ſame Egg* ſhould have tempers and purſuits directly contrary; yet there is nothing ſtrange, that two Brothers, *alike in all things elſe*, ſhould have different amuſements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:*] They had this, indeed, in common, to uſe great liberties of ſpeech, and to profeſs ſaying what they thought. Montagne had *many* qualities, that had gained him the love and eſteem of his Readers: The other had *one*, which always gained him the favourable attention of his Hearers. For as a celebrated Roman Orator obſerves, "Male-"dicit INERUDITUS apertius et ſaepius, cum periculo etiam ſuo. "Affert et iſta res OPINIONEM, quia libentiſſime homines audi-"unt ea quae dicere *ipſi* noluiſſent."

VER. 56. *the Medium muſt be clear.*] Alluſion to a fountain of limpid water, thro' which the contents of the bottom are diſcovered. This thought aſſiſted him in the eaſy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
[r] Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
[s] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;

Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, [r] Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta.] [s] ſed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus, quem cur deſtringere coner,

NOTES.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,*] Inferior to the Original:

Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris, etc.

Perſius alluded to this idea when he ſaid,

Vidi, vidi ipſe, Libelle! etc.

VER. 64. *Verſe-man or Proſe man, term me which you will,—Papiſt or Proteſtant, etc.*] The original thought (which is very flat, and ſo ill and aukwardly expreſſed, as to be taken for a monkiſh Addition) is here admirably imitated, in a lively character of himſelf, and his Writings.

VER. 69. *Satire's my Weapon*] In theſe Words, our Author has happily explained the true Character of Horace's ironical Apology, which is to this purpoſe: Nature, ſays he, has given all Creatures the means of *offence* and *defence*: The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and I have a talent for ſatire. And, at the ſame time that he vindicates his claim to this his *natural* weapon, *Satire*, he ſhews its moral uſe; it was to oppoſe the noxious qualities which nature had given Cervius for *informing*, Canidia for *poiſoning*, and Turius for *paſſing ſentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator ſaw the whole force of it.

[t] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers and Directors.
[u] Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
[w] Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
[x] Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.

---

[t] Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? [u] O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,
Nec quiſquam noceat [w] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
[x] Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.

NOTES.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, etc.*] Superior to,

tutus ab infeſtis latronibus,

which only carries on the metaphor in

enſis
Vagina tectus,

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the ſubject, by preſenting the reader with the ſeveral objects of ſatire.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names, at that time, uſually beſtowed on thoſe whom the trading Companies ſent with their Ships, and intruſted with their concerns abroad.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army, etc.*] "Une maladie nouvelle "(ſays the admirable Author *de L'eſprit de Loix*) s'eſt répandue "en Europe; elle a ſaiſi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un "nombre deſordonné de Troupes. Elle a ſes redoublemens, et "elle devient *neceſſairement contagieuſe*. Car ſi-tot qu'un Etat "augmente ce qu'il appelle ſes Troupes, les autres ſoudain aug-"mentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rein par-là que la "Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient ſur pied toutes les "Armées qu'il pourroit avoir ſi ſes Peuples étoient en danger d'être "exterminés; et *on nomme Paix cet état d'effort de tous contre tous.* "Auſſi l'Europe eſt-elle ſi ruïnée, que les particuliers, qui ſeroient "dans la ſituation où ſont le trois Puiſſances de cette partie du "monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous "ſommes pauvres avec les Richeſſes et le commerce de tout l'Uni-"vers; & bientôt, à force d'avoir des Soldats, nous n'aurons plus "que des Soldats, et nous ſerons comme des Tartares."

[y] Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[z] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug.
[a] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.
[b] Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

---

[y] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes:
[z] Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? [a] Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[b] Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Exſpectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;

NOTES.

VER. 81—84. *Slander--libell'd by her hate.*] There ſeems to be more ſpirit here than in the Original. But it is hard to pronounce with certainty. For tho' one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;

yet there might be ſomething, for ought we know, in the Character or Hiſtory of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the ſpirit and poignancy of the 82d verſe of the Imitation.

VER. 85—90. *Its proper pow'r to hurt, etc.*] All, except the two laſt lines, inferior to the elegance and preciſion of the Original.

Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be-diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[c] Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. [d] Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of Age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. [e] What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;

Dives, inops; Romae, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
[c] Quiſquis erit vitae, ſcribam, color.
T. [d] O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
H. [e] Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

NOTES.

VER. 93—96. *Whether Old age—ſhade*] The Original is more finiſhed, and even ſublime. Beſides, the laſt verſe—*To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade*, has a languor and redundancy unuſual with our author.

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room—or whiten'd wall—*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original

Quiſquis erit vitae color.

VER. 104. *Will club their Teſters, etc.*] The image is exceeding humorous, and, at the ſame time, betrays the injuſtice of their reſentment in the very circumſtance of their indulging it; as it ſhews the Poet had ſaid no more of their avarice, than what was true. Our Author's abundance of Wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for Humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with eaſe, and the other is always placed with propriety.

VER. 105—120. *What? arm'd for Virtue, etc.*] This is not only ſuperior to Horace, but equal to any thing in himſelf.

Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [f] ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?
I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Hear this and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
[g] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.

---

[f] *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quiſque per ora
Cederet, *introrſum turpis*; num Laelius, et qui
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut laeſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet [g] UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Becauſe juſt *Satire* is an uſeful ſupplement to the ſanctions of *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of thoſe who preſide in the adminiſtration either of church or ſtate.

VER. 111. *Could penſion'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpoſe to compliment the former times, and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius; it was Mr. Pope's, to ſatirize the preſent, and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles and James. Either way the inſtances are equally pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,

loſes ſomething of its ſpirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius.

Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
[h] There, my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And He, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
[i] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;

---

[h] Quin ubi ſe a *vulgo* et *ſcena* in *ſecreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis *ſapientia Laeli*,
Nugari cum illo, et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.
Quidquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî cenſum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[i] Cum *magnis vixiſſe* invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido:

NOTES.

VER. 129. *And* HE, *whoſe lightning, etc.*] Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horſe and 900 foot, enterprized and accompliſhed the Conqueſt of Valentia.

VER. 133. *Envy muſt own, etc.*] Horace makes the point of honour to conſiſt ſimply in his living familiarly with the Great,

Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia.

Our poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the footing of an honeſt man.—He prided himſelf in this ſuperiority, as appears from the following words, in a letter to Dr. Swift: "To have "pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not to "have flattered them, and yet not have diſpleaſed them, is a "greater." *Let.* VII. *Jan.* 12, 1723.

To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
[k] What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws?
F. [l] Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes;
[m] Conſult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. [n] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!

---

[k] niſi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*
Diſſentis.
T. [l] Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum:
[m] "*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt*
"*Judiciumque.*
H. Eſto, ſiquis [n] *mala.* ſed *bona* ſi quis

NOTES.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, etc.*] *Si mala condiderit.*—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. "L'Ariſtocratie "eſt le Gouvernement qui proſcrit les plus les Ouvrages ſatiriques. "Les Magiſtrats y ſont de petits ſouverains, qui ne ſont pas aſſez "grands pour mepriſer les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque "trait va contre le Monarque, il eſt ſi haut que le trait n'arrive "point juſqu'à lui; un Seigneur Ariſtocratique en eſt percé de "part en part. Auſſi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Ariſto-"cratie, punirent-ils de mort les Ecrits Satiriques." De L'Eſprit des Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150. *Libels and Satires! lawleſs things indeed!—But grave Epiſtles, etc.*] The *legal* objection is here more juſtly and decently taken off than in the Original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

Eſto, ſiquis *mala*; ſed *bona* ſi quis.

But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—
F. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
° In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

Judice condiderit laudatus Caesare? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe?
T. °Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis.

Notes.

But the Imitator's *grave Epiſtles* ſhew the *Satire* to be a ſerious reproof, and therefore juſtifiable; which the *integer ipſe* of the Original does not: for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epiſtles* could juſtify the attack.

Ver. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.
Solventur riſu tabulae.
Some Critics tell us, it is want of taſte to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this cenſure, by ſhewing how well the ſenſe of it agrees to his Friend's character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as ſoon as Sir Robert, the Patron both of Law and Goſpel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Caſe is alter'd.* Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Auguſtus himſelf ſupported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his Uncle, to confeſs *the Caſe was alter'd?*

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

[a]WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
[b](A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c]before we dine.
[e]Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[d]But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[h]Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.

SATIRA II.

[a]QUAE virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic ſermo: ſed quae praecepit Ofellus,
Ruſticus, [d] *abnormis* Sapiens, *craſſaque Minerva*)
Diſcite, [e] non inter lances *menſaſque nitentes*;
Cum ſtupet *inſanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:
[c]Verum hic *impranſi* mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, ſi potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. [h]Leporum ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat

NOTES.

VER. 5. *a gilt Buffet's reflected pride—Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide*;] More forcibly and happily expreſſed than the original *acclinis falſis*; tho' that be very elegant.

VER. 9. BETHEL.] The ſame to whom ſeveral of Mr. Pope's Letters are addreſſed.

[i] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
[k] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[l] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)

Militia aſſuetum graecari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [i] foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in *teipſo* eſt. tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? [l] laudas, inſane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.

Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[m] Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, [n] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[o] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe *lupos?* quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.
[m] *Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[n] Praeſentes Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia; quamquam
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. [o] necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigriſque eſt *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?

NOTES.

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, etc.*] A Weſt-Indian term of gluttony, a hog roaſted whole, ſtuffed with ſpice, and baſted with Madeira wine.

VER. 27. *O blaſt it, South-winds!*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleaſant alluſion in the original, *coquite*.

[p] The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becca-ficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
[q] Let me extol a Cat, on oiſters fed,
I'll have a Party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
[r] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[u] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

---

[p] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo
[q] Si quis nunc *mergos* ſuaves edixerit *aſſos*,
Parebit parvi docilis *Romana juventus*.
[r] Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Ofello
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. [s] Avidienus,
[t] Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, et, ſylveſtria corna;
[u] Ac, niſi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

NOTES.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head*;] A famous Eating-houſe.

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh*] There is force and humour in *edixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch*,] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingſgate, which Horace ſeems not to have learnt.

But on ſome [w] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [x] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

[y] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor [a] ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [b] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.

[c] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
[d] Firſt Health: The ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft [e] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.

Ille *repotia*, *natales*, alioſque dierum
[w] *Feſtos* albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, [x] *veteris non parcus aceti.*
Quali igitur victu ſupiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
[y] Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. [a] Hic neque *ſervis*
Albutî ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Saevus erit; nec ſic ut ſimplex [b] Naevius, *unctam*
Convivis praebebit *aquam*: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[c] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque ſecum
Afferat. [d] In primis valeas bene; nam variae res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcae,
Quæ ſimplex [e] *olim* tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;

[f] How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
[g] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[h] Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;

Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [f] Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aurae*.
[g] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus praeſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[h] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* feſtum rediens advexerit annus,

NOTES.

VER. 79, 80. *The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines—To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.*] Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the ſoul. He therefore deſcribes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.

To *this* his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more ſobriety and judgment, has turned the ridicule, from the Doctrine, which he believed, upon thoſe Preachers of it, whoſe feaſts and compotations in Taverns did not edify him; and ſo has added ſurprizing humour and ſpirit to the eaſy elegance of the Original.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, etc.*] Much happier and nobler than the original.

VER. 86. *Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme.*] A fine ridicule on the extravagance of human purſuits; where the moſt trifling and moſt important concerns of life ſucceed one another, indifferently.

Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage;
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old age;
[i] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?
[k] Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[l] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
[m] That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, [n] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [o] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,

Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus:* ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. [i] Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer et validus praeſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hoſpes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integram edax dominus conſumeret. [l] hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.
[m] Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
Grande ferunt una [n] cum *damno dedecus*. adde
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [p] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
[q] "Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, [r] and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [s] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:

Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.
[q] Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [r] Ergo,
Quod *ſuperat*, non eſt *melius quo* inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus *quiſquam*, te divite? quare
[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqui* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, carae

NOTES.

VER. 117, 118. *Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,— How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?*]

Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te divite?

is here admirably paraphraſed. And it is obſervable in theſe *Imitations*, that where our Poet keeps to the ſentiments of Horace, he rather piques himſelf in excelling the moſt finiſhed touches of his Original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. Of this elegance of ambition all his Writings bear ſuch marks, that it gave countenance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief talent lay in copying finely. But if ever there was an inventive genius in Poetry it was Pope's. But his fancy was ſo corrected by his judgment, and his imitation ſo ſpirited by his genius, that what he *improved* ſtruck the vulgar eye more ſtrongly than what he *invented*.

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[t] Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And [u] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
[w] Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.

Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
[t] O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uterne
[u] Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus aſſuêrit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[w] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Oſellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,

Notes.

Ver. 122. *As M**o's was, etc.*] I think this light ſtroke of ſatire ill placed; and hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very ſerious, and properly ſo, when he ſaid,

cur, Improbe! carae
Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.

He remembered, and hints with juſt indignation, at thoſe luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when they had agreed to eſtabliſh a fund in the cauſe of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be perſuaded to withdraw from their expenſive pleaſures what was ſufficient for the ſupport of ſo great a cauſe. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Auguſtus:

quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm?

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a juſt ſtroke of ſatire.

In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of Thouſands, than if now [x] *Excis'd*;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On [y] brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But [z] ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [a] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[b] From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then [c] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt!

Quam nunc [x] *acciſis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam, praeter [y] *olus* fumoſae cum pede pernae.
Ac mihi ſeu [z] *longum poſt tempus* venerat hoſpes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non *piſcibus* urbe petitis,
Sed *pullo* atque *hoedo*: tum [a] *penſilis uva* ſecundas
Et *nux* ornabat menſas, cum *duplice ficu*.
Poſt hoc ludus erat [b] cuppa potare magiſtra:
Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractae ſeria frontis.
Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius, *aut*

vos,

My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after [d] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
"Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife;
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [e] *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [f] Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure [g] equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [h] ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
[i] Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;

O pueri, nituiſtis, ut hoc [d] *novus incola* venit?
Nam [e] *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut [f] nequities aut [g] *vafri inſcitia juris*,
Poſtremum expellet certe [h] *vivacior heres*,
[i] Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine*, nuper *Oſelli*
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum

And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
[k] Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [k] quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, etc.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

VER. 179. *Let lands and houſes, etc.*] The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diverſify the ſentiment. They are equally noble: but Horace's is expreſſed with the greater force.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

To L. BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [b] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modeſt [c] Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, [d] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning ſatiate of Applauſe,
Nor [e] fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cauſe.
[f] A voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g] Muſe take
"breath,
"And never gallop Pegaſus to death;

EPISTOLA I.

Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camena,
[b] Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt aetas, non mens. [c] Veianius, armis
[d] Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e] extrema toties exoret arena.
[f] Eſt mihi purgatam crebo qui perſonet aurem;
Solve [g] ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne

" Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
" You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horſe."
Farewell then [h] Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What [i] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this [k] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte,
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.
But aſk not, to what [l] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [m] ſtorm, at any door I knock:
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke,
Sometimes a [n] Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [o] and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;

Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et [h] verſus, et *caetera ludicra* pono:
Quid [i] verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in hoc ſum:
[k] Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, [l] quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
[m] Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor *hoſpes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et merſor [n] *civilibus undis*,
Virtutis verae cuſtos, [o] *rigiduſque ſatelles*:

NOTES.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horſe.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elſewhere, was univerſally received in the City of London. His verſification is here exactly deſcribed: ſtiff, and not ſtrong; ſtately and yet dull, like the ſober and ſlow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorouſly oppoſed to Pegaſus.

Back to my [p] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
[q] Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whoſe Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk Minor pants for twenty-one:
So ſlow th' [r] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [s] taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe:
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.
[t] Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [u] comfort, not to be a fool.
[w] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;

Nunc in * Ariſtippi [p] *furtim* praecepta *relabor*
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
[q] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica: dieſque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus*: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r] fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae ſpem
Conſiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter [s] id, quod
Aeque *pauperibus* prodeſt, *locupletibus* aeque,
Aeque neglectum *pueris ſenibuſque* nocebit.
[t] *Reſtat*, ut his ego me ipſe regam [u] ſolerque *elementis*:
[w] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res.

I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [x] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [y] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
[z] Between the Fits this Fever of the ſoul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which [a] freſh and freſh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
Be [b] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
[c] Slave to a Wife, or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [d] Bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient Ear.
[e] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no [f] bugbear is ſo great,
As want of figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.

Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Eſt quadam prodire [x] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
[y] Fervet avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et [z] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [a] certa *piacula*, quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [c] *amator*;
Nemo [d] adeo *ferus* eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.
[e] Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quae [f] maxima credis

NOTES.

VER. 58. *Between the Fits*—] The ſenſe of

magnam morbi deponere partem

is here very happily expreſſed. And

Ter pure lecto, etc.

in the following line, as happily varied. But the whole paſſage, which deſcribes the uſe and efficacy of ſatire, is admirably imitated.

To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And [g] eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?
[h] Here, Wiſdom calls: [i] "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi capitiſque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g] mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quae *ſtulte* miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmae?
"[i] Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum.

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!*] Tho' this has all the ſpirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original; where Horace makes Poverty purſue, and keep pace with the miſer in his flight.

Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes.

But what follows,

Wilt thou do nothing, etc.

far ſurpaſſes the Original.

VER. 77. *Here, Wiſdom calls, etc.*] All from hence to ver. 110, is a pretty cloſe tranſlation: but in general done with ſo maſterly a ſpirit, that the Original, tho' one of the moſt finiſhed paſſages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the moſt faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

which only ſays, *that as ſilver is of leſs value than gold, ſo Gold is of leſs value than Virtue:* in which *ſimple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Au-

There, London's voice, [k] "Get Money, Money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [m] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.
Barnard in [n] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand pounds;
A penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth.
Yet ev'ry [p] child another ſong will ſing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."

" [k] O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum eſt;
Virtus poſt nummos: haec [l] *Janus ſummus* ab *imo*
Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,
[m] Laevo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Eſt [n] animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque:
Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint,
[o] *Plebs* eris. [p] at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,

NOTES.

thor's purpoſe, as it is to common ſenſe, to ſuppoſe, that Virtue was but juſt as much better than gold, as gold is better than ſilver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his conſtant object, *conciſeneſs*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this abſurd meaning.

VER. 82. *From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,*] i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. *From him whoſe quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this ſatire, may think the figure of *ſtanding quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquiſite beauty, inſinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the ſhafts of a Parthian. —*Quiver'd at his ear*, which deſcribes the poſition it is uſually found in, alludes to the cuſtom of the American canibals, who make uſe of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) for a quiver for their *poiſon'd* arrows.

VER. 84. *notches ſticks*] Exchequer Tallies.

True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;
Compar'd to this a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[r] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court-jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [s] CRESSY and POITIERS?
[t] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but great,
"With Praiſe or Infamy leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a [u] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.

Si recte facies. Hic [q] *murus aheneus eſto,*
Nil *conſcire* ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.
[r] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum eſt
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *maribus* [s] *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis?*
[t] Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
"Si poſſis, recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut [u] propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Pupi!

NOTES.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;*] Hic murus aheneus eſto.

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was ſcandalized, that the antient Scholiaſts had not explained what Horace meant by a *wall of braſs*; for ſays Dacier, "Chacun ſe fait des difficultez à "ſa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnés à ſon goût:" he then ſets himſelf in good earneſt about this important inquiry; and, by a paſſage in Vegetius, luckily diſcovers, that it ſignified an *old veteran* armed cap-a-pie in *braſs*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily ſerved himſelf of this impertinence to convey a very fine ſtroke of ſatire.

VER. 97. *And ſay, etc.*] Theſe four lines greatly ſuperior to any thing in the Original.

Or [w] he, who bids thee face with ſteady view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro':
And, [x] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [y] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
In honeſt S*z take ſcandal at a Spark,
That leſs admires the [z] Palace than the Park:
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [a] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [b] People are a many-headed Beaſt:

An, [w] qui fortunae te reſponſare ſuperbae
Liberum et erectum, [x] *praeſens* hortatur et aptat?
[y] Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte rõget, cur
Non, ut [z] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem;
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipſe vel odit:
Olim quod [a] vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
[b] *Belua multorum* es *capitum*. nam quid ſequar, aut quem?

NOTES.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out.*] This expreſſion is uſed for the joke's ſake; but it hurts his *moral*; which is, that *they come out beaſts*. He ſhould here have ſtuck to the terms of his Original, *veſtigia omnia te adverſum ſpectantia*.

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, etc.*] Theſe two lines are intended for the application or moral of a fable, which needed no explaining; ſo that, they impair the *grace* of it, at beſt, inferior to his Original. For Horace ſpeaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Æſop's Fables was properly addreſſed: but, this is too ſimple a method of conveying truth to the *well-dreſt Rabble of St. James's*.

Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [c] Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some [d] with fat Bucks on childleſs dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkneſs, [e] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [f] purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:

Pars hominum geſtit [c] conducere *publica:* ſunt qui
[d] Cruſtis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[e] *Multis* occulto creſcit res fenore. [f] verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

Notes.

Ver. 124. *Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,—Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:*] Here the argument ſuffers a little for the ſake of the ſatire. The reaſon why the People ſhould not be followed is becauſe

Belua multorum eſt capitum: nam quid ſequar, aut quem?

they are ſo divers in their purſuits (ſays Horace) that one cannot follow this man without being condemned by that. The imitator ſays, they all go on one common principle, *the luſt of gold.* This inaccuracy, tho' Horace has a little of it, yet he has however artfully diſguiſed it, by ſpeaking of the various objects of this one Paſſion, *avarice*, as of ſo many various paſſions,

Pars hominum geſtit conducere publica: ſunt qui, etc.
Cruſtis et pomis
Multis occulto, etc.

but his imitator has unwarily drawn them to a point, by the introductory addition of the two lines above,

Alike in nothing, etc.

But ſhew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [g] ſail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[h] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſy, or that [i] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
"Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the [k] ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l] The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n] Poor—The Poor have the ſame itch;

---

[g] Nullus in orbe ſinus *Baiis* praelucet amoenis,
Si dixit *dives*; [h] lacus et mare *ſentit* amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [i] vitioſa *libido*
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*
Tolletis, fabri. [k] lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil coelibe vita:
[l] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
[m] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [n] *pauper?* ride: mutat [o] *coenacula, lectos,*

NOTES.

VER. 143. *Now let ſome whimſy, etc.*] This is very ſpirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original,

Cui ſi vitioſa Libido
Fecerit auſpicium

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach.

They change their [o] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner, to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [p] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q] You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r] no Prelate's Lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [s] ebb and flow of Follies all my life)
I [t] plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[u] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,

Balnea, [p] *tonſores*; conducto navigio aeque
Nauſeat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.
[q] Si curatus *inaequali* tonſore capillos
Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexae
Trita ſubeſt tunicae, vel ſi toga *diſſidet impar*;
Rides. quid, [r] mea cum pugnat *ſententia* ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[s] Aeſtuat, et vitae diſconvenit ordine toto;
[t] Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u] Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,

NOTES.

VER. 155. *They change their weekly Barber, etc.*] Theſe ſix lines much more ſpirited than the Original. In Horace, the people's inconſtancy of temper is ſatirized only in a ſimple expoſure of the caſe. Here the ridicule on the folly is heightened by an humourous picture of the various objects of that inconſtancy.

Nor [w] once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [x] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich [y] ev'n when plunder'd, [z] honour'd while oppreſs'd;
Lov'd [a] without youth, and follow'd without power;
At home, tho' exil'd; [b] free, tho' in the Tower;
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [c] leſs than Jove, and [d] much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n—[e] except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God?

Nec [w] *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *praetore* dati; rerum [x] tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis*, *te reſpicientis* amici.
Ad ſummam, *ſapiens* uno [c] minor eſt *Jove*, [y] dives,
[b] Liber, [z] honoratus, [a] pulcher, [d] rex denique regum;
Praecipue ſanus, [e] niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *when plunder'd,*] *i. e.* By the Public; which has rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and when ſhe has, more rarely knows how to uſe it.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
[b] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quae poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
[b] Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis

NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear* MURRAY,] This Piece is the moſt finiſhed of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the ſtretch, and produces the ſupreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addreſſed: and, indeed, no man ever more deſerved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither Vanity, Party, nor Fear, had any ſhare; ſo he ſupported his title to it by all the offices of true Friendſhip.

VER. 4. *Creech*] From whoſe tranſlation of Horace the two firſt lines are taken.

VER. 6. *ſtars that riſe and fall,*] The Original is,

decedentia certis
Tempora momentis

which words ſimply and literally ſignify, *the change of ſeaſons*. But this change being conſidered as an object of admiration, his imitator has judiciouſly expreſſed it in the more ſublime figurative terms of

Stars that riſe and fall.

by whoſe courſes the ſeaſons are marked and diſtinguiſhed.

There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [c] this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what [d] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [e] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [f] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the [h] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.

Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [c] formidine nulla
Imbuti ſpectent. [d] quid cenſes, munera terrae?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e] ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, [f] plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo, [g] quo *ſenſu* credis et *ore*?
[h] Qui *timet* his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor eſt *utrobique* moleſtus:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret *utrumque*:
[i] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem?

NOTES.

VER. 8. *truſt the Ruler with his ſkies,—To him commit the hour,*] Our Author, in theſe imitations, has been all along careful to correct the looſe morals, and abſurd divinity of his Original.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,—Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.*] The elegance of this is ſuperior to the Original. The *curſe* is the *ſame* (ſays he) *whether we joy or grieve.* Why ſo? Becauſe, in either caſe, the man is *ſurprized*, hurried off, and led away captive.

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [k] Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen in a Saint run mad.
[l] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [m] Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright [n] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at [o] Council-board rejoice,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
[k] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, *virtutem* ſi petat ipſam.
[l] I nunc, argentum et marmor [m] *vetus*, aeraque et artes
Suſpice: cum gemmis [n] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te [o] mille loquentem:

NOTES.

(The good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and *ſnatch the Man away.*)

This happy advantage, in the imitation, ariſes from the ambiguity of the word *ſurprize.*

VER. 30. *Procure a* TASTE *to double the ſurprize.*] This is one of thoſe ſuperior touches that moſt ennoble a perfect piece. He ſpeaks here of *falſe taſte*, as appears by his directions how to get it, and how to uſe it when got. *Procure a taſte*, ſays he. That is, of the Vertuoſi; whoſe ſcience you are to *buy* for that purpoſe: for *true taſte*, which is from nature, comes of itſelf. And how are you to uſe it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raiſe and inflame it, by *doubling your ſurprize.* And this a *falſe taſte* will always do; there being none ſo given to raptures as the *Virtuoſo-Tribe*: whereas the *Man of true taſte* finds but few things to approve: and thoſe he approves with moderation.

From [p] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [q] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [r] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conſpir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [s] time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, [t] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the houſe of Lords:
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
[u] Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

Gnavus [p] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;
[q] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
[r] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[s] Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet aetas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia. [t] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conſpexerit Appi;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa [u] quo devenit et Ancus.

NOTES.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE,] Equal to either, in the miniſtry of his profeſſion; and ſuperior to both where the parallel fails: TULLY's brighteſt talents were frequently tarniſhed by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and HYDE's moſt virtuous purpoſes perverted and defeated by ſuperſtitious notions concerning the divine origine of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People.

[w] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [x] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever Cornbury diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [z] then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, or out-bid the bold:
[a] Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.

---

[w] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quaere fugam morbi. [x] vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc *una* poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age *deliciis*.
[y] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [z] cave ne portus occupet alter:
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
[a] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [b] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [c] Friends —as cannot fail to laſt.
A [d] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [e] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave [f] Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Take the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[g] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[h] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.

Scilicet [b] uxorem *cum dote*, *fidemque*, et [c] *amicos*.
Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina [d] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene mummatum decorat Saudela, Venuſque.
Manicipiis locuples, eget aeris [e] *Cappadocum Rex*:
Ne fueris hic tu. [f] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenae praebere rogatus,
Quî poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot habebo
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa *ſuperſunt*,
Et *dominum fallunt*, et *proſunt furibus*. [h] ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.

[i] But if to Pow'r and Place your paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
Then [k] hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom [l] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
"That makes three Members, this can chuſe a May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [n] Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [o] laugh at your own Jeſt.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [p] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [q] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.

---

[i] Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia praeſtat,
[k] *Mercemur* ſervum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
Qui fodicet latus, et [l] cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m] Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina:*
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: [n] Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt aetas, ita quemque [o] *facetus* adopta.
Si [p] bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut [q] olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret.

Or ſhall we [r] ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do
[s] K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [t] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with [u] Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And SWIFT cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.

Emtum mulus aprum. [r] crudi, tumidique lavemur,
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; [s] *remigium vitioſum* Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui *potior* [t] *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.
[u] Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine *amore jociſque*
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rocheſter.

VER. 129. *And* SWIFT *cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*] Our Poet, ſpeaking in one place of the purpoſe of his ſatire, ſays,

In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my *friends*.

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviſer ſay,

Laugh at your *Friends*, and, if your *Friends* are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

becauſe their impatience under reproof would ſhew, they had a great deal which wanted to be ſet right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to ſee a friend he ſo much valued, live in the miſerable abuſe of one of Nature's beſt gifts, unadmoniſhed of his folly. Swift (as we may ſee by ſome poſthumous Volumes, lately publiſhed, ſo diſhonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a diſſipation that women and boys might be aſhamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to ſhew their parts, to edge their ſpleen, to pander to a faction; or, in ſhort, to any thing but that for which Nature

[w] Adieu—if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

---

[w] Vive, vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

beſtowed it, namely, to recommend, and ſet off Truth; old age, which abates the paſſions, will never rectify the abuſes they occaſioned. But the remains of wit, inſtead of ſeeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miſerable depravity of taſte here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift ſeems to have placed no inconſiderable part of his wiſdom. "I chuſe (ſays he, in a "Letter to Mr. Pope) my Companions amongſt thoſe of the leaſt "conſequence, and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling "Books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt "trifling ſubjects." And again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than "ever. I am always writing bad proſe or worſe verſes, either of "rage or raillery," *etc.* And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, "My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle."

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments paſt in his Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, ſeem'd ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encreaſe of an *abſolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the Happineſs of a *Free People*, and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of *our Neighbours*.

This Epiſtle will ſhew the learned World to have fallen into Two miſtakes: one, that *Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate: *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum obſolefieri*, etc. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Diſcourſe of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Auguſtus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cauſe of his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the *Town*, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; ſecondly againſt the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and laſtly againſt the *Emperor* himſelf, who had conceived them of little Uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece*

had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagances were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taſte* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the *State*, and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himſelf muſt depend, for his Fame with Poſterity.

We may farther learn from this Epiſtle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHile you, great Patron of Mankind! [a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[b] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,

EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot [a] ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Caeſar.
[c] Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, [d] Deorum in templa recepti,

NOTES.

Book ii. *Epiſt.* 1.] The poet always riſes with his original; and very often without. This whole Imitation is extremely noble and ſublime.

VER. 7. *Edward and Henry, etc.*] *Romulus, et Liber Pater,* etc. Horace very judiciouſly praiſes Auguſtus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he had won; and therefore compares him, not to thoſe who deſolated, but to thoſe who civilized mankind. The imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reaſon, ſhould not have aimed at it, as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*.

Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
[e] Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[f] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[g] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [h] but mature the praiſe:
Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame *:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
[i] As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
[e] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [f] invidiam ſupremo fine domari,
[g] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui praegravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
[h] Praeſenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
[i] Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

NOTES.

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This inſtance has not the ſame grace here as in the original, where it comes in well after thoſe of Romulus, Bacchus, Caſtor, and Pollux, tho' aukwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the ſake of the beautiful thought in the next line; which, yet, does not equal the force of his original.

Wonder of King! like whom, to mortal eyes
[k] None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
[l] Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
[m] He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

---

[k] *Nil orturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Aestimat; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:
[l] Sic fautor *veterum*, et tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
[m] Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

NOTES.

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, etc.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk o' the Green:*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club.

Tho' juſtly [n] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhou'd not We be wiſer than our ſires?
In ev'ry Publick Virtue we excell;
We build, we paint, [o] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [p] learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If [q] Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who laſts a [r] century can have no flaw,
"I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law.
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [s] Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce?

Si, quia [n] Graiorum ſunt antiquiſſima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque
[o] *Pſallimus*, et [p] *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atque probus, [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] vereſne poetas,
An quos et praeſens et poſtera reſpuat aetas?

" We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By [t] courteſy of England, he may do.
Then, by the rule that made the [u] Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt [w] down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [x] Stowe,
And eſtimating authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [y] Bier.
[z] Shakeſpear (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[a] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [b] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;

Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] *honeſte*,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudaeque pilos ut [u] equinae
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat eluſus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] *faſtos*, et virtutem aeſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod [y] *Libitina* ſacravit.
[z] Ennius et *ſapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
Ut critici dicunt, levitur curare videtur
Quo [a] *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia Pythagorea*.
[b] Naevius in manibus non eſt; at [c] mentibus haeret

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Shakeſpear*,] Shakeſpear and Ben Johnſon may truly be ſaid not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*.

VER. 74. *The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

Quo promiſſa cadant, et ſomnia Pythagorea.

Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [c] I love the language of his heart.
" Yet ſurely, [d] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [e] debates where Critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe, [f] only theſe, ſupport the crouded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age.

Pene recens: [d] adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur [e] quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; [f] habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab aevo.

NOTES.

The beauty of this ariſes from a circumſtance in Ennius's ſtory. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has ſucceeded.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

VER. 81. *In all debates, etc.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verſe. This is in ſtrict imitation of his Original, where the ſame impertinent and gratuitous criticiſm is admirably ridiculed.

VER. 85. *Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow.*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his anſwer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat,

All this may be; [g] the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [h] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the [i] Obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on [k] Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [l] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
[m] Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like [n] ſlaſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakeſpear, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [o] read at ſchool.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;

---

[g] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.
Si [h] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quaedam nimis [i] *antique*, ſi pleraque [k] *dure*
Dicere cedit eos, [l] *ignave* multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.
[m] Non equidem inſector, *delendaque carmina* Livî
Eſſe reor, memini quae [n] *plagoſum* [o] *mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;
ſed emendata videri

NOTES.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton.*] A piece of very low humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries.

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er)
One Simile, that [p] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [q] lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[r] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but Applauſe.
[s] On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but aſk, if any weed can grow;
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
Which [t] Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
Inter quae [p] *verbum* emicuit ſi forte *decorum*,
Si [q] *verſus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;
Injuſte *totum* ducit venitque poema.
[r] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et praemia poſci.
[s] Recte necne *crocum floreſque* perambulet *Attae*
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quae [t] *gravis Aeſopus*, quae doctus *Roſcius* egit.

NOTES.

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickſhire, where Shakeſpear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved. *Perambulet* is a low alluſion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*.

VER. 124. *A muſter-roll of Names.*] An abſurd cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with emphaſis the meer *Proper Names* of

How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [u] no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, [w] or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[x] Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
[y] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd;
In ev'ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."

Vel quia nil [u] rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam [w] *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[x] Quod ſi tam Graecis *novitas* inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[y] Ut primum poſitis nugari Graecia bellis
Coepit, et in *vitium fortuna labier aequa*;

NOTES.

Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

VER. 129—130.] Inferior to the Original: as VER. 133—4. excel it.

VER. 142. A verſe of the Lord Lanſdown.

Then Peers grew proud in [z] Horſemanſhip t' excell,
Newmarket's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then [a] Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to humam form:
Lely on [b] animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was love and ſport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court:
On [c] each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.
But [d] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;

Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [z] *equorum*
[a] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;
Suſpendit [b] picta vultum mentemque tabella;
Nunc [c] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:
[d] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique ſecundi.

NOTES.

VER. 143. *In Horſemanſhip t' excell,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's Book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Partheniſſa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by *Perſons of Quality*.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas ſtole—The ſleepy Eye, etc.*] This was the Characteriſtic of this excellent Colouriſt's expreſſion; who was an exceſſive Manierest.

VER. 153. *On each enervate ſtring, etc.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England.

Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.
[e] Time was, a ſober Engliſhman would knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five o'clock,
Inſtruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And ſend his Wife to church, his Son to School.
To [f] worſhip like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [g] Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [h] Poetic Itch
Has ſeiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandſires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearſals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, [i] lye,
Not —'s ſelf e'er tells more *Fibbs* than I;
When ſick of Muſe, our follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit.

---

[e] Romae dulce diu fuit et ſolemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [f] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[g] *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h] et calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: puerique patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior [i] Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et ſcrinia poſco.

[k] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [l] Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learned to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
But [m] thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, [n] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [o] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [p] plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
[q] Flight of Caſhiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To [r] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,

---

[k] Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum aegro
Non audet, niſi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* eſt,
Promittunt [l] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
[m] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
[n] Hic error tamen et levis haec inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: vatis [o] *avarus*
Non temere eſt animus: [p] verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;
Detrimenta, [q] *fugas* ſervorum, *incendia* ridet;
Non [r] *fraudem ſocio*, puerove incogitat ullam

NOTES.

VER. 181. *He ſerv'd, etc.*] To the ſimple elegance of the Original, the Poet has here added great ſpirit and vivacity, without departing from the fidelity of a tranſlation.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurprizing Effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of writing and converſation at this time.

Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his [s] diet.
Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And ([t] tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
[u] What will a Child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or Unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;

Pupillo; vivit siliquis, et pane secundo [s];
[t] Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi*;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
[u] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

NOTES.

VER. 201. *Of little use, etc.*] There is a poignancy in the following verses, which the original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity *(non bene relicta parmula)* in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he aludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows: *Torquet ab obscoenis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert, etc.* which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.

VER. 213. *Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days—Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays*;] The sudden stop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderness* for his master is expressed in the second line by making his *case general*;

And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
He, [w] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe engrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [x] relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [y] ſtretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:

Torquet [w] ab *obſcoenis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
Recte facta refert; [x] orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis; [y] *inopem* ſolatur et *aegrum*.

NOTES.

and his *honour* for him, in the firſt line, by making his *caſe particular*, as the only one that deſerved pity.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A Foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, etc.*] Nothing can be more truly humourous or witty than all that follows to ver. 240. Yet the noble ſobriety of the original, or, at leaſt, the appearance of ſobriety, which is the ſame thing here, is of a taſte vaſtly ſuperior to it.

VER. 230. *Sternhold*] One of the verſifiers of the old ſinging pſalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church Hiſtory*, ſays he was eſteemed an *excellent Poet*.

The [z] Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [b] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe chears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [c] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that grace his pray'r beſought in vain;
The bleſſing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And [d] Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.

Our [e] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:

Caſtis cum [z] pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde [b] *preces*, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, et *praeſentia numina* ſentit;
Coeleſtes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [c] *metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d] Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e] Agricolae priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.

NOTES.

VER. 241. *Our rural Anceſtors, etc.*] This is almoſt literal; and ſhews, that the beauty and ſpirit ſo much admired in theſe Poems, owe leſs to the liberty of imitating, than to the ſuperior genius of the imitator.

With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [f] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and [g] Nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholſome [h] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poet's learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [i] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.

Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[f] Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [g] donec jam ſaevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [i] *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

NOTES.

VER. 259. *Moſt warp'd to Flatt'ry's ſide, etc.*] Theſe two lines (notwithſtanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They ſeemed neceſſary to compleat the Hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of Wit; and, if attended to, will be ſeen to make much for the argument the Poet is upon, *viz.* the *recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magiſtrate.* And is, therefore, what Horace would have choſen to ſay, had he reflected on it.

[k] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l] Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full-reſounding line,
The long majeſtic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our [m] ruſtic vein
And ſplay-foot verſe remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [n] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [o] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had ſomething to admire.

---

[k] Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [l] *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere: ſed in longum tamen aevum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [m] *veſtigia ruris*.
Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt [n] *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,
Quid [o] Sophocles et Theſpis et Aeſchylus utile ferrent:

NOTES.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, etc.*] The inſtance the Poet *here* gives, to anſwer that in the *Original*, is not ſo happy. However, it might be ſaid with truth, that our Intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *Provincial* Poets, and produced *Chaucer*. I, only, wonder, when he had ſuch an example before him, of a Bard who ſo greatly poliſhed the ruſticity of his age, he did not uſe it to paraphraſe the ſenſe of

Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere:

VER. 267. *Waller was ſmooth*;] Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

Not but the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [q] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The [r] humbler Muſe of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs[s].
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [t] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how [u] looſely does Aſtræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [w] eat with vaſt applauſe!

Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet:
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer:
Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex [r] *medio* quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet *Comœdia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. [s] aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto [t] *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Doſſennus [u] *edacibus in paraſitis*;
Quam [w] *non aſtricto* percurrat pulpita *ſocco*.

NOTES.

VER. 290. *Aſtrea*] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoreſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, etc.

Ibid. *The ſtage how looſely does Aſtræa tread,*] The fine metaphor of *non aſtricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *looſely*.

But fill their [x] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom [y] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
A breath reviveſ him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[z] Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[a] There ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit:

Geſtit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere; poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad ſcenam [y] ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: [z] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[a] Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores

NOTES.

VER. 296. *O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*] The metaphor is fine, but inferior to the Original in many reſpects,

ventoſo gloria curru,

has a happy air of ridicule heightened by its alluſion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more ſerious light, as repreſenting the Poet a *Slave* to Fame or *Glory*,

Quem tulit ad ſcenam—Gloria.

as was the cuſtom in their triumphs. In other reſpects the Imitation has the preference. It is more juſt. For a Poet makes his firſt entrance on the ſtage, not immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his Fortune*. However,

Who pants for Glory, etc.

is much ſuperior to the Original.

A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, [b] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, [c] the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the Taſte of Mobs, but now [d] of Lords;
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
The Play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot [e] and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.

Indocti, ſtolidique, et [b] depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [c] *urſum* aut *pugiles:* his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum [d] *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae:
Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

NOTES.

VER. 319 *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes vied with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion.

Ibid. *Old Edward's Armour, etc.*] Deſcriptive poetry is the loweſt work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs himſelf in it, he never fails, as here, to ennoble it with ſome moral ſtroke or other,

With [f] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Let Bear or [g] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs [h] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [i] throats the gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [k] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the [m] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?
[n] Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

---

[f] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g] *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi praebentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h] narrare putaret *aſello*
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quae [i] pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[k] *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuſcum*.
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
[l] *Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus* [m] *oblitus actor*
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[n] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

NOTES.

VER. 328. *Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, oppoſite the Orcades.

Yet leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he, ° who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns;
Inrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
P But not this part of the Poetic ſtate
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill q a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta; ° meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
P Verum age, et his, qui ſe *lectori* credere malunt,
Quam *ſpectatoris* faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam impende brevem: ſi q munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.

NOTES.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Auguſtus.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books.

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The [s] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves when to defend
A [t] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [u] unaſk'd; lament, the [w] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;
And [x] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or Penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet [y] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?

---

[r] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſaepe poetae,
(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
[s] *Solicito* damus, aut *feſſo*: cum laedimur, [t] *unum*
Si quis *amicorum* eſt auſus reprendere *verſum*:
Cum loca jam [u] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati*:
Cum [w] lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Noſtros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo*;
Cum [x] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et *ſcribere cogas*.
Sed tamen eſt [y] *operae pretium* cognoſcere, *quales*

Or chuſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [z] Laureat's weighty place.
[a] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great [b] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [c] Ruſſian Bear."
Not with ſuch [d] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The Forms auguſt, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,

Aedituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [z] *indigno* non committenda *poetae.*
[a] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine foedo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *ſe* praeter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret aera
Fortis [b] *Alexandri vultum ſimulantia.* quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad haec Muſarum dona vocares;
[c] Boeotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
[*At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque*
Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetae;]
Nec magis expreſſi [d] vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum

E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [c] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What [f] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g] barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i] Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [k] Verſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:

Clarorum apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [e] quam *res* componere *geſtas*,
Terrarumque [f] ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et [g] *barbara regna*, tuiſque
Auſpiciis *totum* [h] *confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Clauſtraque [h] cuſtodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et [i] formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
[k] Carmen *majeſtas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.

NOTES.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:*] Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* hath ſaid, "That ſatire and invective were the eaſieſt kind "of wit, becauſe almoſt any degree of it would ſerve to abuſe and "find fault. For wit (ſays he) is a keen inſtrument, and every "one can cut and gaſh with it. But to carve a beautiful image "and poliſh it, requires great art and dexterity. To praiſe a thing "well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuſe: a little "wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furniſh a man for ſa-"tire, but the greateſt inſtance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well ſay, that Satire was the moſt difficult, and Panegyrick the moſt

The Zeal of [l] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [m] I bite.
A vile [n] Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o] woful likeneſs; and if lyes,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he [p] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Sedulitas autem [l] *ſtulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Praecipue cum ſe *numeris* commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* [m] *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror [n] officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*
In [o] *pejus* vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne [p] rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum [q] ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

eaſy thing in nature; for that any barber-ſurgeon can curl and ſhave, and give coſmetic waſhes for the ſkin; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomiſt to diſſect and lay open the whole interior of the human frame. But the truth is, theſe ſimilitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the uſer. The one is juſt as eaſy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well* as the other. In our Author's *Eſſay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the ſatire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the ſame great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is more *readily received*; but this does not ſhew that it is more *eaſily written*.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
[b] A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
"My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:
"His French is pure; his Voice too—you ſhall hear.
"Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
"Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
"Your Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe:
"A perfect genius at an Op'ra-ſong—
"To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
[b] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: "Hic et
"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
"Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
"Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti
"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
"Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulcè bibenti.
"Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius aequo

Notes.

Ver. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is ſpoken in great purity.

" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to ſteal."
[c] If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
[d] Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?

" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
" Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in aere.
" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
" Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut fit)
" In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
" Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi *fuga* laedit.
[c] Ille ferat pretium, poenae ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
[d] Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſaevus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

NOTES.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Juſtice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha.—Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
[e] In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.

Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[e] Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Aerumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Praeſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus *caſtelium* evertere praetor

NOTES.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, etc.*] Many parts of this ſtory are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the original.

VER. 37. *This put the man, etc.*] Greatly below the Original,

Poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter *jejunis dentibus acer.*

The laſt words are particularly elegant and humorous.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.*] For the ſake of a ſtroke of ſatire, he has here weakened that circumſtance on which the turn of the ſtory depends. Horace avoided it, tho' the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occaſion to indulge his raillery.

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter)
" Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a Sot?
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
[f] Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:

Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
Verbis, quae timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid ſtas?
Poſt haec ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, " Ibit,
" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
[f] Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles,
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
Scilicet ut poſſem *curvo* dignoſcere *rectum*,

NOTES.

VER. 51. *Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the juſtneſs of the original. Horace makes his ſoldier ſay,

Ibit,
Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit.

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loſs* that puſhed him upon danger; many being equal to the one, who cannot bear the other. What betrayed our poet into this inaccuracy of expreſſion was its ſuiting better with the *application*. But in a great writer we pardon nothing. And ſuch ſhould never forget, that the expreſſion is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for then they reflect mutual light upon one another.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.*] This circumſtance has a happier application in the *imitation* than in the *original*; and properly introduces the 68th verſe.

(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
Years foll'wing years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;

Atque inter ſilvas Academi *quaerere* verum.
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit aeſtus in arma,
Caeſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primum me demiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,
Quae poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare *cicutae*,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?
Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes;

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital.

VER. 73. *At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;*] i. e. *Time* changes all our paſſions, appetites, and inclinations.

In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill?
[h] But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg.
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf deteſts.
[i] But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crouds, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:

Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum*;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?
[h] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, et ſale nigro.
Tres mihi convivae prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
[i] Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata cenſes
Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
" Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car?
[k] Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
" Purae ſunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
[k] I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.

NOTES.

VER. 104. *Have you not ſeen, etc.*] The ſatirical pleaſantry of this image, and the humorous manner of repreſenting it, raiſes the imitation, in this place, far above the original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and doze, etc.*] This has not the delicacy, for it wants the elegant ambiguity, of

How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
[l] The Man, who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years compleat,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its Pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
[m] The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;

Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
[l] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit *Athenas*,
Et ſtudiis annos *ſeptem* dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, *ſtatua taciturnius exit*
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyrae motura ſonum connectere digner?
[m] Frater erat Romae conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:

NOTES.

Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.

where the imtemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*, but the *ſecret* meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Drama* as well as of the *Bottle*: and *ſleep* was courted for *inſpiration*, as well as to relieve *a debauch*.

Ibid. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's ſenſe."
[n] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."

Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
[n] *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile viſu,
Caelatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.*
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, et *procul* audi,
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Caedimur et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus:
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.

Notes.

[n] Ver. 132. *And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.*] It is the ſilly conſolation of blockheads in all profeſſions, that he, whom nature has formed to excell, does it not by his ſuperior knowledge, but his wit: and ſo they keep themſelves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted.*

Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,

Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.
° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quaecunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et *ſine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur.

NOTES.

VER. 159. *not a word they ſpare,—That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,*] *Force* and *light* reſpect *figurative expreſſion*; and ſignify, that it be ſuch as awakes the imagination, and be taken from obvious ſubjects; for without the firſt quality it will want *force*; without the other, *light*.

Weight and *care* reſpect *literal expreſſion*, the firſt marking out the character of the verb; the other of the noun; and ſignify, that, in every propoſition, the *attribute* ſhould be important, and the *ſubject* preciſe.

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
[p] In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Rawleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line:
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:

Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtae:
[p] *Obſcurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quae priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet *nova*, quae *genitor produxerit uſus*:
Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:

NOTES.

VER. 170. *For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expreſſion*, if not on the *thought*, of his original.

" But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance;
" As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
Praetulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo laetus ſeſſor plauſorque *theatro*:
Caetera qui vitae ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus, *amabilis* hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem? *poſſet* qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno laeſo *non inſanire* lagenae:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.

NOTES.

VER. 184. *There liv'd* in primo Georgii, *etc.*] The imitation of this ſtory of the *Madman* is as much ſuperior to his original, in the fine and eaſy manner of telling, as that of Lucullus's Soldier comes ſhort of it. It is true the turn Horace's madman took, agrees better with the ſubject of his Epiſtle, which is *Poetry*; and doubtleſs there were other beauties in it, which time has deprived us of. For it is in poetry as in painting, the moſt delicate touches go *firſt*; and, what is worſe, they agree in this too, that they are *laſt* obſerved. So that, what between time and ill taſte, the greateſt beauties are the ſhorteſt lived.

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My Friends! he cry'd, p--x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
[r] Well, on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my fate;
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
[s] Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the Penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Polme occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
[r] Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum *pueris* concedere ludum;
[s] Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *verae numeroſque modoſque* ediſcere *vitae*.
Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacituſque recordor;

[t] If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
[u] When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty D—l be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,

---

[t] Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphae,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
[u] Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iſdem?
At ſi divitiae prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,

NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, etc.*] This illuſtration is much happier than what is employed in his original; as by raiſing pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illuſtrate.

VER. 220. *When ſervile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken-t.

The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
[w] If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All [x] Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town,
His Ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[y] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.

Viveret in terris, te ſi quis avarior uno.
[w] Si *proprium* eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et aere eſt,
Quaedam (ſi credis *conſultis*) mancipat *uſus*:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit.
[x] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercis agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerata nuper*, an *olim*?
[y] Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis

Notes.

Ver. 232. *delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-againſt Hampton-Court.

Yet theſe are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[z] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chaſe)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z] Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *uſus*, et haeres
Haeredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid *vici* proſunt, aut *horrea?* quidve calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

NOTES.

VER. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r—Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here ſupplied the Imitator with expreſſion much ſuperior to his Original.

[a] Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
[b] Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu—with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;

---

[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curat habere.
[b] Cur alter fratrum *ceſſare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:

NOTES.

VER. 273. *All Townſhend's Turnips*] Lord Townſhend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from buſineſs, he amuſed himſelf in Huſbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which ariſes from Turnips; it was the favourite ſubject of his converſation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in ſettling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, etc.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illuſtrating his own Philoſophy; and thereby giving

Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
[c] Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſometimes ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.
[f] What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?

Naturae deus humanae, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.
[c] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *haeres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum.
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.
[f] Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem*.

Notes.

a much better ſenſe to his Original; and correcting both the *naturaliſm* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in theſe words,

Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,
Naturae Deus humanae.

Ver. 288. *But ſure no ſtatute*] Alluding to the ſtatutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succeſſion of Papiſts, etc.

The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
[g] "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis aetatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
[g] Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

NOTES.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is obſervable with what ſobriety he has corrected the licentiouſneſs of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that ſuperſtition he would explode; whereas his Imitator is only for removing the falſe terrors from the world of ſpirits, ſuch as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

Has life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end;
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
[h] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exemta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
[h] Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulſet laſciva decentius aetas.

THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE, DEAN of ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et noſmet *Lucilî* ſcripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:

SATIRE II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things, ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
Though like the peſtilence, and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:

And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw

Senſe, paſt thro' him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

Rankly digeſted, doth theſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
. . . . . to out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.

NOTES.

Ver. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humourous,

In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell.

As if the *Ten Commandments* were ſo wide, as to ſtand ready to receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature* or the *Goſpel commands*. A juſt ridicule on thoſe *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious Duties within them. Whereas their true original ſenſe is much more confined, being a ſhort ſummary of duty fitted for a ſingle People, upon a particular occaſion, and to ſerve tranſitory ends.

One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?

But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet: jollier of this ſtate,
Than are new benefic'd Miniſters, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs whereſoe'er he goes
His title of Barriſter on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.
Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe

Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain;
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your *own*:
What thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretiſhip that brought 'em there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment ſates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,

Law practice for meer gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.

Notes.

Ver. 61. *Language, which Boreas*—] The Original has here a very fine ſtroke of ſatire.

Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.

The frauds with which that work (ſo neceſſary for the welfare both of religion and the ſtate) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the diſſoluteneſs in which the plunder ariſing from it was waſted, had ſcandalized all ſober men; and diſpoſed the beſt Proteſtants to wiſh, that ſome part of that immenſe wealth, ariſing from the ſuppreſſion of the Monaſteries, had been reſerved for Charity, Hoſpitality, and even for the public ſervice of Religion.

And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till, like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at White's,
Or City-Heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,

Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand.
And ſpying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.

Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
But having caſt his cowle, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's pray'r, the *Power and Glory* clauſe.

In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When *Luther* was profeſt, he did deſire
Short *Pater-noſters*, ſaying as a Fryer
Each day his Beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the power and glory clauſe)
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrew'd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.

NOTES.

VER. 105. *So Luther, etc.*] Our Poet, by judiciouſly tranſpoſing this fine ſimilitude, has given new luſtre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (ſays Dr. Donne) enlarges the legal inſtruments for

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;

Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretoſore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals

NOTES.

conveying property to the bigneſs of *gloſs'd civil Laws*, when it is to ſecure his own ill-got wealth. But let the ſame Lawyer convey property for you, and he then omits even the neceſſary words; and becomes as conciſe and haſty as the looſe poſtils of a modern Divine. So *Luther* while a Monk, and, by his Inſtitution, obliged to ſay Maſs, and pray in Perſon for others, thought even his *Paternoſter* too long. But when he ſet up for a Governor in the Church, and his buſineſs was to direct others how to pray for the ſucceſs of his new Model; he then lengthened the Pater-noſter by a new clauſe. This repreſentation of the firſt part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clauſe*, was to ſatirize his ambition; and both together to inſinuate that, from a Monk, he was become totally *ſecularized*.—About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a ſtrong propenſity to Popery, which appears from ſeveral ſtrokes in theſe ſatires. We find amongſt his works, a ſhort ſatirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, alluding to Luther's omiſſion of the concluding *Doxology*, in his two Catechiſms, which ſhews he was fond of the joke; and, in the firſt inſtance, (for the ſake of his moral) at the expence of truth. As his putting Eraſmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa, ſhews what were then his ſentiments of Reformation.

And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draw
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jawes.

NOTES.

VER. 128. *Treaſon, or the Law.*] By the *Law* is here meant the *Lawyers*.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it ſo.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

NOTES.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the ſame pride *in admiring*, that *Poets* have *in being admir'd*. For Vanity is as often gratified in paying our court to our ſuperiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Africk's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.

To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Nile's ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africk Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,

The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropt out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
Cry, By your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.

If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your Prieſthood, tell me what you are?
His cloaths were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, though bare,
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,

Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe Plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if ——'s your name.

You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants motly tongue, ſoldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God,
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your Judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.

What *Speech* eſteem you moſt? "The *King's*," ſaid I.
But the beſt *words?*—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute
And perfect *Speaker?*—"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for cloſer ſtyle,
"But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay troth th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
"Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?

Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,

" Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
" The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen."
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajol us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
" Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the royal Family;
He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.

You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueaks, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is Kings-ſtreet.

" Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
" And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.
" How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, " What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,

He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which ſtayes

Loth to inrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Meer houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town:

A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an offices reverſion;
Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;
ſhortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay

Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,—yet he thruſts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.

Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all States and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat

NOTES.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, etc.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of ſcandal concludes thus,

And wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady——

the Reader expects it will conclude,—*what Lady is painted.* No, juſt the contrary,

what Lady is not painted;

ſatirically inſinuating, that that is a better Proof of the goodneſs of his intelligence than the other. The Reader ſees there is greater force in the uſe of theſe plain words, than in thoſe which the Imitator employs. And the reaſon is, becauſe the ſatire does not turn upon the *odiouſneſs* of painting; in which caſe the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expreſſion; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the ſimple name.

Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traytor by ſurprize.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

To here this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare, and Dunkirkers.
I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw

Notes.

Ver. 167. *fall endlong*] The ſudden effect of the transformation is ſtrongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the ſound, but in the ſenſe of theſe two words.

In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid, to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt, as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venemous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſt than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.

Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or ſmile or frown?

At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high-born or rais'd men

NOTES.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] Theſe four lines are wonderfully ſublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil, in the region of *heat*. They both call out as if they were half ſtifled by the ſulphury air of the place,

O qui me gelidis——
Oh quickly bear me hence.

VER. 188. *There ſober thought*] Theſe two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expreſſion.

VER. 194. *Baſe Fear.*] Theſe four admirable lines become the high office he had aſſumed, and ſo nobly ſuſtained.

Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puſt Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.

Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puſt nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O ſun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your [a] Waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks [b] are; their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews

NOTES.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous ſhow of the Court of France, in wax-work.

[a] A ſhow of the Italian Garden in wax-work, in the time of King James the Firſt.

[b] That is, of wood.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers cloaths?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.
Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,

Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Preſence*, and I (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know

Notes.

Ver. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-houſe: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility received inſtruction in thoſe days: It was alſo cuſtomary for the nobility and gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her; ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twou'd burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venials ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;

That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel)
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet. [c]
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,

NOTES.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules.*] Albert Durer.

[c] i. e. Conſcious that both her complexion and her hair are borrow'd, ſhe ſuſpects that, when, in the common cant of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-twigs*, and her *hair a net* to catch lovers, he means to inſinuate that her colours are coarſely laid on, and her borrowed hair looſely woven.

But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt*, *proteſt*:
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*
Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another.

Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquiſition*;
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath:
The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:

But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſneſs, good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among

NOTES.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly ſins*] The Room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins.

Each man an *Aſkapart*, of ſtrength to toſs
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

Thoſe *Aſkaparts*[a], men big enough to throw
Charing-Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie—Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

a A Giant famous in Romances.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 70
MAY

O Sacred Weapon, left for Truths Defence
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!
To all but Heaven directed Hands denied
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

Epis. to the S[illegible]

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.

In Two DIALOGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelve-month you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too *moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth, etc.*] Theſe two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are ſo in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Cenſurer;

'Tis all from Horace; etc.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Becauſe you think your reputation made:
Like good ** of whom ſo much was ſaid,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refreſh us with a livelier ſong,
Or like ** you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, ſhould be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Beſides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice:*
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown,*
Blunt could *do Buſ'neſs,* H-ggins *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Biſhops note ſome *ſmall Neglects,*
And own the Spaniard did *a waggiſh thing,*
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen.*
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.

VER. 12. *Bubo obſerves,*] Some guilty perſon very fond of making ſuch an obſervation.

VER. 14. *H-ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet priſon, enrich'd himſelf by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spaniſh ſhip on one Jenkins, a Captain of an Engliſh one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his maſter.

VER. 22. *Screen.*]

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit. Perſ.

Ibid. *Screen.*] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain perſon in power.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, etc.*] This appellation was generally given to thoſe in oppoſition to the Court. Though ſome of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and intereſted to deſerve that name.

VER. 26. *The Great man*] A phraſe, by common uſe, appropriated to the firſt Miniſter.

Go ſee Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] Theſe two verſes were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the firſt editions.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This requeſt ſeems ſomewhat abſurd: but not more ſo than the principle it refers to. That great Miniſter, it ſeems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was uſually given as a proof of his penetration, and extenſive knowlege of the world. Others perhaps would think it an inſtance of a narrow underſtanding, that, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of thoſe he commonly converſed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who ſhould make the ſame concluſion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture, etc.*] A ſcribler, whoſe only chance for reputation is the falling in with the faſhion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preſervation of his fleeting exiſtence. But a true Genius could not do a fooliſher thing, or ſooner defeat his own aim. The ſage Boileau uſed to ſay on this occaſion, "Une ouvrage ſevere peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais "un ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux perſonnes ſeveres."

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl*] Sir Joſeph Jekyl, Maſter of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmoſt probity. He ſometimes voted againſt the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here deſcribed of ONE who beſtowed it equally upon Religion and Honeſty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the Man, ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?"
Why, anſwer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!

VER. 47. *Why, anſwer, Lyttelton,*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, diſtinguiſhed both for his writings and ſpeeches in the ſpirit of Liberty.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolſey,*] The one the wicked miniſter of Tiberius, the other, of Henry VIII. The writers againſt the Court uſually beſtowed theſe and other odious names on the Miniſter, without diſtinction, and in the moſt injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal: and Miniſter to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-faſhion, at that time, to cry up his wiſdom and honeſty.

VER. 66. *Henley—Oſborn.*] See them in their places in the Dunciad.

The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy, Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her Children bleſt!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.
F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to ſome court ſermons, and florid panegyrical ſpeeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an addreſs in the ſame pretty ſtyle; and was laſtly ſerved up in an Epitaph, between Latin and Engliſh, publiſhed by its author.

VER. 78. *Nation's Senſe*;] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina.*] Queen conſort of King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occaſion, as is obſerved above, to many indiſcreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whoſe laſt moments manifeſted the utmoſt courage and reſolution.

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King

Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,

William; he was ſo to King George I. he was ſo to King George II. *This* Lord was very ſkilful in all the forms of the Houſe, in which he diſcharged himſelf with great gravity.

VER. 97. *There, where no Paſſion, etc.*] The excellent writer *De l'Eſprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: "Qu'on liſe ce que les "Hiſtoriens de tous les tems ont dit ſur la Cour des Monarques; "qu'on ſe rapelle les converſations des hommes de tous les Païs "ſur le miſerable caractère des COURTISANS; ce ne ſont point "des choſes de ſpeculation, mais d'une triſte expérience. L'am-"bition dans l'oiſiveté, la baſſeſſe dans l'orgueil, le deſir de s'en-"richir ſans travail, l'averſion pour la verité; la flaterie, la tra-"hiſon, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ſes engagemens, le mepris "des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'eſpe-"rance de ſes foibleſſes, et plus, que tout cela, LE RIDICULE "PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, ſont, je crois, le Ca-"ractére de la plupart des Courtiſans marqué dans tous les lieux et "dans tous les tems. Or il eſt très mal-aiſé que les Principaux "d'un Etat ſoient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les inferieurs ſoient "gens-de-bien, que ceux-la ſoyent trompeurs, et que ceux-ci "conſentent à n'être que dupes. Que ſi dans les Peuple il ſe "trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de "Richelieu dans ſon *Teſtament politique* inſinue, qu'un Monarque "doit ſe garder de s'en ſervir. Tant-il eſt vrai que la Vertu n'eſt "pas le reſſort de ce Gouvernment."

And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The ſtyle of Addreſſes on an acceſſion.

VER. 113. Virtue, *I grant you, is an empty boaſt*;] A ſatirical ambiguity--either that thoſe *ſtarve who have it*, or that thoſe who *boaſt of it, have it not*: and both together (he inſinuates) make up the preſent ſtate of *modern virtue*.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two players: look for them in the Dunciad.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious fooliſh book called *the Oracles of Reaſon*, who being in love with a near kinſwoman of his, and rejected, gave himſelf a ſtab in the arm, as pretending to kill himſelf; of the conſequence of which he really died.

VER. 124. *Paſſeran!*] Author of another book of the ſame ſtamp, called, *A philoſophical diſcourſe on death*, being a defence of ſuicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, baniſhed from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmoſt miſery, yet feared to practiſe his own precepts.—This unhappy man at laſt died a penitent.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in ſome editions,

Who ſtarves a Mother——

But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.
Virtue may chuſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;

VER. 125. *But ſhall a Printer, etc.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years paſt. The unhappy man left behind him a paper juſtifying his action by the reaſonings of ſome of theſe authors.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, compoſed in the times of public calamity; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A ſpirituous liquor, the exorbitant uſe of which had almoſt deſtroyed the loweſt rank of the People, till it was reſtrained by an act of Parliament in 1736.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Biſhoprick in Wales, as poorly ſupplied.

VER. 135. *Let humble* ALLEN, *with an aukward Shame,—Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.*] We are ſo abſolutely governed by cuſtom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men, who are ever modeſt, a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when, to this, there is joined a conſciouſneſs that, in forſaking cuſtom, you follow truth and reaſon, the indignation ariſing from ſuch a conſcious virtue, mixing with *Shame*, produces that amiable *aukwardneſs*, in going out of the faſhion, which the Poet, here, celebrates:

and bluſh to find it Fame.

i. e. He bluſhed at the degeneracy of his times, which, at beſt, gave his goodneſs its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) inſtead of following and imitating his example, which was the reaſon why ſome acts of it were not done by *ſtealth*, but more openly.

VER. 138. *'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;*] He gives the reaſon for it, in the line that preſently follows,

She's ſtill the ſame, *belov'd, contented* thing.

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more,
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:

So that the ſenſe of the text is this, "It is all one to *Virtue* on "whom her influence falls, whether on high or low, becauſe it "ſtill produces the ſame effect, *their content*; and it is all one to "*me*, becauſe it ſtill produces the ſame effect, *my love*."

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,—Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:*] And no wonder; for the *wit of Cheats* being the evaſion of Juſtice, and the *Courage of a Whore* the contempt for reputation; theſe emancipate men from the two tyrannical reſtraints upon *free ſpirits*, fear of *puniſhment*, and dread of *ſhame*.

All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is ſacred now but Villainy."
Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show there was one who held it in diſdain.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*
Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late Solicitor to the Treaſury.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publiſhes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be ſo tender of their reputation, as to ſet down no more than the initials of their name.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?*] The livelineſs of the reply may excuſe the bad reaſoning; otherwiſe *the dice*, tho' they rhyme to *vice*, can never ſtand for it, which his argument requires they ſhould do. For the *dice* are only the *inſtruments* of fraud; but the queſtion is not, whether the *inſtrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, ſhould be expoſed, inſtead of the perſon.

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouce on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Siſter, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame— F. You mean— P. I don't.—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires,
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, etc.*] Alluding to the old Game-laws, when our Kings ſpent all the time they could ſpare from human ſlaughter, in Woods and Foreſts.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.*] For, as the reaſonable *De la Bruyere* obſerves, "Qui ne ſait être un ERASME, "doit penſer à être *Evêque*."

VER. 39. *wretched Wild;*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own train and hanged.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! ſtop!

P. Muſt Satire, then, nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate, if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name?

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice!*] We muſt conſider the Poet as here directing his diſcourſe to a follower of the new ſyſtem of Politics, That *private vices are publick benefits.* SCRIBL.

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King.*] He is ſerious on the foregoing ſubjects of ſatire; but ironical here, and only alludes to the common practice of Miniſters, in laying their own miſcarriages on their maſters.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly eſcaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a ſevere rebuke only from the bench.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whoſe perſonal attachments to the king appeared from his ſteady adherence

Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love:
I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:

to the royal intereſt, after his reſignation of his great employment of Maſter of the Horſe; and whoſe known honour and virtue made him eſteemed by all parties.

VER. 66. *Eſher's peaceful Grove*,] The houſe and gardens of Eſher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother to the Duke of Newcaſtle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs.

VER. 74. *But does the Court a worthy Man remove?*] The poet means *remove* him for his *worth*: not that he eſteemed the being *in* or *out* a proof either of corruption, or virtue. "I had a "glympſe of a letter of yours lately (ſays he to Dr. Swift) by "which I find you are, *like the vulgar*, apter to think well of "people *out* of power, than of people *in* power. Perhaps 'tis a "miſtake; but, however, there is ſomething in it generous." *Lett.* xvii. *Sept.* 3, 1726.

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the ſeals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt miniſter; who, to the qualities of a conſummate ſtateſman, added thoſe of a man of Learning and Politeneſs.

Ibid. *Halifax*] A peer, no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was diſgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's miniſtry.

VER. 79. *Shrewſbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewſbury, had been Secretary of State, Embaſſador in France, Lord Lieute-

CARLETON's calm Senſe, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:
How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue*; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe:
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.

nant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treaſurer. He ſeveral times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III. and Preſident of the council under Q. Anne.

Ibid. *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, ſpirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a conſiderable figure; but ſince a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmoſt judgment and temper.

F. Then why ſo few commended?

P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for *the Beſt of Men*,
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave,
And Lyttelton a dark, deſigning Knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy Fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,

Ver. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place. Dunc. B. ii. ver. 345.

Ver. 130. *Polwarth.*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandſon of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and diſtinguiſhed, like them, in the cauſe of Liberty.

Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh all-accompliſh'd ST. JOHN! deck thy ſhrine?
What? ſhall each ſpurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verſe taken out of a Poem to Sir R. W.
VER. 164. *The Prieſt, etc.*] Spoken not of any particular prieſt, but of many prieſts.

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?

VER. 166. *And how did, etc.*] This ſeems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could read.

No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence: "Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud; etc.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet inſinuates a ſubject of the deepeſt humiliation.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The Paſſions are given us to awaken and ſupport Virtue. But they frequently betray their truſt, and go over to the intereſts of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cauſe of Virtue, ſhames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the uſe and importance of *Satire*.

VER. 214. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] "The Citizen "(ſays *Plato*, in his fifth book of Laws) who does no injury to "any one, without queſtion, merits our eſteem. He, who, not "content with being barely juſt himſelf, oppoſes the *courſe* of in-

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouſe the Watchmen of the public Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.
When black Ambition ſtains a public Cauſe,
A Monarch's Sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Not Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

" juſtice, by proſecuting it before the Magiſtrate, merits our eſteem " vaſtly more. The *firſt* diſcharges the duty of a ſingle Citizen: the " *other* does the office of a Body. But he whoſe zeal ſtops not here, " but proceeds to ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN PUNISHING, " is the moſt valuable bleſſing of Society. This is the PERFECT " CITIZEN, to whom we ſhould adjudge the *prize of Virtue.*"

VER. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and ſlight ſophiſtry againſt virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to ſhade the ſun.

VER. 228. *When black Ambition, etc.*] The caſe of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conqueſt of the Low Countries.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to riſe?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the ſkies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckleſs Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd ſo low
As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from STAIR;
(Such as on HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.

Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, laſt of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

on Namur; where (to uſe his own words) "il a fait un Aſtre de "la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à ſon Chapeau, "et qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis."

VER. 237. *Anſtis*] The chief Herald at arms. It is the cuſtom, at the funeral of great peers, to caſt into the grave the broken ſtaves and enſigns of honour.

VER. 239. *Stair*;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thiſtle; ſerved in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embaſſador in France.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Biſhop of Worceſter, and the Lord Digby. The one an aſſertor of the Church of England in oppoſition to the falſe meaſures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cauſe of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.* 255

VER. 255.] This was the laſt poem of the kind printed by our author, with a reſolution to publiſh no more; but to enter thus, in the moſt plain and ſolemn manner he could, a ſort of PROTEST againſt that inſuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been ſo unhappy as to live to ſee. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued thoſe attacks; but bad men were grown ſo ſhameleſs and ſo powerful, that Ridicule was become as unſafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raiſed him, as he knew it would, ſome enemies; but he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the approbation of good men, and the teſtimony of his own conſcience.

VARIATIONS.

VER. *ult.* in the MS.

Quit, quit theſe themes, and write Eſſays on Man.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A Standish and Two Pens.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard Deſert,
" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the ſable Well,
The fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whoſe great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleaſure in celebrating.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
" L——— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib.

" *Athenian Queen!* and *ſober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 MAY 70